

The Illustrated

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LONDON NEWS INTO THE 80s



a look ahead by **Willy Brandt,**
Christopher Brasher, Bernard Dixon,
Jo Grimond, Edward Heath, Lord Hunt,
Andrew Knight, Patrick Moore,
Jill Tweedie, W. J. Weatherby



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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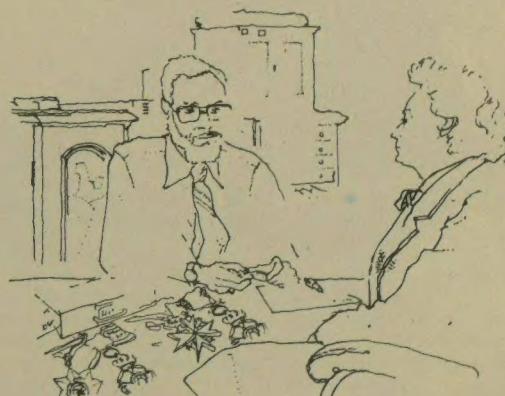
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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS THEATRE

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Anna Christie by Eugene O'Neill. Directed by Jonathan Lynn, with Lila Kaye, Susan Tracy & Gareth Thomas. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.* Until Jan 22.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. John Dexter lifts Arden from the bare boards of his stage in a production with Sara Kestelman's Rosalind as a conspicuous pleasure. *Olivier.*

As You Like It, directed by George Murcell. With Julia Goodman & John Carlisle. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.* Until Jan 10.

Baal by Bertolt Brecht, directed by David Jones, with Ben Kingsley & Nigel Terry. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 25.

Beatlemania. The life story of the Beatles, direct from successful Broadway run. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Bodies. An eloquent debating-play by James Saunders, with Dinsdale Landen triumphant as the dramatist's principal mouthpiece. *Ambassadors, West St, WC2.*

Can You Hear Me At The Back? Brian Clark's portrait of an architect, disenchanted professionally & domestically, owes much to the actor, Peter Barkworth. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

The Crucifer of Blood. A wild, neo-Gothic melodrama by Paul Giovanni, suggested—at a distance—by Conan Doyle's "The Sign of Four". It lives mainly on its splendid range of theatrical effects. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist Ira Levin, with Gareth Hunt as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Happy Birthday. Julia Foster retains her high spirits through a rather elementary farce by Marc Camoletti, adapted by Beverley Cross; they were the "Boeing Boeing" partnership. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Hello Dolly. A revival of the successful musical, with Carol Channing & Eddie Bracken. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.*

Irma la Douce. Revival of the French musical, directed by Billy Wilson, with Helen Gelzer as Irma. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; director Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Julius Caesar. A limp & perplexingly miscast RSC production in which only Ben Kingsley's Brutus can illuminate the text. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.* Until Jan 24.

Julius Caesar. An unflurried revival with Brian Poyer in the title role. *St George's.* Until Jan 10.

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&-Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now

with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amorous seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Lee Montague is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

The Long Voyage Home. Last year's production of four short plays by Eugene O'Neill, directed by Bill Bryden. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* From Jan 10.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Ben Kingsley's frenzied Ford can light up this straight & serviceable production. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 19.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza, in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard says some cogently forcible things about journalism in a play (set in Black Africa) with Susan Hampshire & Patrick Mower. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Until Jan 10.

Othello. Though certain matters in the production (Ronald Eyre's) & playing are contentious, Donald Sinden can reaffirm his quality as a classical actor. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 25.

Outside Edge. Richard Harris's endearing picture of a Saturday afternoon's cricket, transferred from Hampstead, has exceptional performances by Julia McKenzie & Maureen Lipman as two contrasted wives. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Pericles. directed by Ron Daniels, with Peter McEnery in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 19.

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Aldwych.* Until Jan 12.

Richard III. John Wood, in a relishing externalized performance of Richard, does not really chill the mind. Christopher Morahan directs. *Olivier.*

Rookery Nook. One of the classic line of "Aldwych farces" by the century's high master of the craft, Ben Travers. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith's comedy, directed by Patrick Mason. With Anna Calder-Marshall & Tim Woodward. *Greenwich Theatre, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until Jan 19.

Song Book. An ingenious Monty Norman-Julian More musical follows the fashion for composer-anthologies by guiding us through the life & works of a show-business hero who is fortunately fictional. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Alan Bates & Nigel Stock are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

The Suicide by Nicholai Erdman, directed by Ron Daniels. With Heather Canning, Geoffrey Hutchings, Lila Kaye & Roger Rees. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 26.

The Three Sisters. Chekhov's play directed by Trevor Nunn, with Suzanne Bertish, Patrick Godfrey, Edward Petherbridge, Emily Richard, Janet Dale & Susan Tracy. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 24.

Tishoo. Brian Thompson's play, though probably more satisfying to read, has rich performances by Alec McCowen as a mildly zany scientist in search of a cure for the common cold & Penelope

Wilton as his assistant. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in a self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 26.

Uncle Vanya. Chekhov's play, directed by Nancy Meckler. With Maurice Denham, Nigel Hawthorne & Ian Holm. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.*

The Undertaking. A dramatist for the future, Trevor Baxter, has had an imaginative idea heightened by the acting of a cast led by Kenneth Williams. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

Undiscovered Country. Tom Stoppard's fine & detailed adaptation of Schnitzler's tragicomedy from 1911, with John Wood as the unscrupulous Viennese philanderer, Dorothy Tutin as his wife and splendid performances all round in a production by Peter Wood. *Olivier.*

When We Are Married by J. B. Priestley, directed by Robin Lefevre, with Harold Innocent, Peter Jeffrey, Phyllida Law & Leslie Sands. *Lyttelton.*

The Wild Duck. A new translation by Christopher Hampton, directed by Christopher Morahan, with Michael Bryant, Ralph Richardson, Stephen Moore & Basil Henson. *Olivier.*

First nights

City Delights. The first of a new series of Lyric revues. Writers include John Antrobus, John Cleese, Alan Coren & Tim Brooke-Taylor. Directed by Richard Denning. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Jan 1-Feb 9.

Much Ado About Nothing. The RSC's touring production, directed by Howard Davies. With Jill Baker & Alan Armstrong. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Jan 3.

Hughie. A new production of Eugene O'Neill's play about New York "night people". Directed by Bill Bryden, with Stacy Keach. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Jan 22.

Bastard Angel, by Barrie Keefe, directed by Bill Alexander. The story of a female rock star, with Charlotte Cornwell. *Warehouse.* Jan 23.

Liberty Hall. New comedy by Michael Frayn, directed by Alan Dossor. The action takes place at Balmoral Castle in 1937 where the guests are a group of English writers including Enid Blyton & Godfrey Winn. *Greenwich Theatre, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Jan 24.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle. RSC touring production, directed by John Caird. With Jane Carr & Alan Armstrong. *Warehouse.* Jan 30.

Christmas & children's shows

The Ancient Mariner. Coleridge's poem adapted & directed by Michael Bogdanov as a play for six- to 12-year-olds. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Until Jan 19.

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber based on the biblical story of Joseph & his coat of many colours. With Paul Jones as Joseph. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1.* Until Jan 19.

The Astounding Adventures of Tom Thumb by Henry Livingst. *Unicorn, Great Newport St, WC2.* Until Jan 27.

Dick Whittington, directed by Ken Hill, with Toni Palmer, Valerie Walsh & Lola Young. *Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15.* Until Jan 26.

The Hunchback of Notre-Dame, adapted by Ken Hill from Victor Hugo's novel, directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Young Vic.* Until Jan 26.

Dick Whittington, directed by Roger Redfern, with Dickie Henderson, Arthur Askey, Patrick Cargill & Barbara Windsor. *Richmond, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Until Feb 2.

The Gingerbread Man. Directed by David Wood, with Bernard Cribbins. *Royalty, Portugal St, WC2.* Until Jan 12.

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, Gilbert & Sullivan season: The Gondoliers, The Mikado, The Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, HMS Pinafore, The Yeoman of the Guard, The Sorcerer. *Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* Until Feb 16.

Goldilocks & the Three Bears, with Ed Stewart, Peter Glaze, Jan Hunt & Leon Greene. *Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey.* Until Jan 19.

The Golden Ring. A puppet play for five- to six-year-olds. *Young Vic.* Until Jan 5.

Jack & the Beanstalk, with Jon Pertwee, Freddie Davis, Mark Wynter, Bob Grant &

Nerys Hughes. *Ashcroft, Croydon.* Dec 20-Jan 26.

Aladdin, with Harry H. Corbett, Amanda Barrie & Stephen Lewis. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Dec 20-Jan 26.

Sinbad the Sailor. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Dec 20-Jan 19.

Aladdin, directed by Michael Hurll, with Cilla Black, Don Maclean, Frankie Desmond & John Gower. *Wimbledon, The Broadway, SW19.* Dec 21-Feb 2.

Charley's Aunt, directed by Patrick Lau. *Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W. Sussex.* Dec 21-Jan 19.

Aladdin. New Christmas musical by Sandy Wilson, directed by David Giles. *Lyric, W6.* Dec 21-Feb 2.

Toad of Toad Hall. David Conville's production with Richard Goolden as Mole & Ian Talbot as Toad. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Dec 24-Jan 19.

Holiday on Ice. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.* Dec 26-Feb 24.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

Agatha. Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the eponymous heroine is the only good reason for seeing this fanciful version of why the famous authoress went missing in darkest Harrogate.

Airport 80: the Concorde. Disaster movie directed by David Lowell Rich. With Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner & Sylvie Kristel.

Alien. Space monster thriller, directed by Ridley Scott. With John Hurt, Ian Holm, Tom Skerritt & Yaphet Kotto.

The Amityville Horror. The story of nightmare events which overtook a family after moving into a house in Long Island. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with James Brolin, Margot Kidder & Rod Steiger.

Apocalypse Now. Anti-war epic directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando & Martin Sheen.

Bear Island, directed by Don Sharp, with Donald Sutherland, Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Widmark & Christopher Lee. A group of scientists investigating the changing world climate find themselves on a desolate island with a secret Nato base.

The Black Hole. Disney production about a spaceship being drawn towards a black hole in space. Directed by Gary Nelson, with Maximilian Schell, Ernest Borgnine & Anthony Perkins.

Bread & Chocolate. Prize-winning Italian film written & directed by Franco Brusati, about the plight of Italian immigrant workers in Switzerland.

Breaking Away. Comedy about four American teenagers & the ambition of one of them to become a champion racing cyclist. Directed by Peter Yates, with Paul Dooley, Denis Christopher & Denis Quaid.

The Brinks Job. A comedy-thriller directed by William Friedkin. With Peter Falk & Peter Boyle as small-time crooks who plan a big bank robbery.

La Cage aux Folles. Comedy about a night-club in St Tropez. Directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Hugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault & Michel Galabru.

Caravans. Based on the book by James Michener about an American girl's marriage to an Afghan. Directed by James Fargo, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill & Michael Sarrazin.

The Champ, directed by Franco Zeffirelli. Remake of a 1931 film about the come-back of a former boxing champion. With Jon Voight & Faye Dunaway.

The China Syndrome. Will the nuclear reactor self-destruct? Will Southern California be destroyed? A topical thriller about nuclear power that confuses rather than clarifies the issues, but Jack Lemmon & Jane Fonda are very watchable.

The Deer Hunter. A deeply affecting film about friendship, love & American involvement in Vietnam. Politically, it is not very penetrating but Michael Cimino's direction has an epic sweep astonishing in a second film, & the performances are exemplary.

Dracula. Set in 19th-century England this version of the Dracula story is directed by John Badham and stars Frank Langella, Donald Pleasance, Laurence Olivier & Kate Nelligan.



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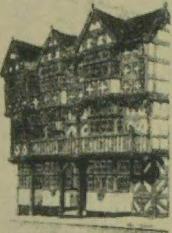
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Escape from Alcatraz. The story of the only convict ever to escape from the island prison. Directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood & Patrick McGoohan.

The Europeans, based on a story by Henry James, directed by James Ivory. With Lee Remick & Robin Ellis.

The Frisco Kid. Whimsical Robert Aldrich joke-Western about a Polish rabbi mixed up with a bank-rober on a trek to San Francisco. No place to go for a laugh.

Game for Vultures. Action-drama set in Africa, involving terrorist warfare, helicopter arms deals & sanction-busting. Directed by James Fargo, with Richard Harris, Richard Roundtree & Joan Collins.

Hair. A graceful, elegantly made musical that treats the show as a quaint, charming, period fairy-tale. Miroslav Ondricek's photography makes the hippie world of the late 60s look surprisingly appetising.

Hanover Street. A 1943 love-story for which the publicity says "There hasn't been a movie like this in years." Indeed no. Lesley-Anne Down & Harrison Ford star.

The House on Garibaldi Street. Based on the true story of Eichmann's capture in South America & his trial in Israel. Directed by Peter Collinson, with Topol, Nick Mancuso, Janet Suzman & Martin Balsam.

Hullabaloo over Georgie & Bonnie's Pictures, directed by James Ivory & originally shown on television. Peggy Ashcroft plays a collector trying to acquire miniatures belonging to an Indian Maharaja & his sister.

The In-laws. Frenetic but very funny American comedy about a New York dentist unwillingly involved with a CIA daredevil. Superb performances from Peter Falk & Alan Arkin.

The Jericho Mile. Shot inside Folsom State Prison in California, the film stars Peter Strauss as a convict attempting to qualify for the Olympic mile run. Directed by Michael Mann.

Junoon. Indian film directed by Shyam Benegal, a romantic drama set during the Indian Mutiny.

The Left-Handed Woman. A first film by novelist & playwright Peter Handke, that is so painterly & overwrought that it squeezes some of the life out of its portrait of suburban boredom & isolation. But it is good to see such fine German actors as Bruno Ganz & Edith Clever on screen.

A Little Romance. Olivier graces with his astonishing presence a rather soppy love story about two 13-year-olds venturing to Venice in order to kiss under the Bridge of Sighs. For Olivier fans only.

Lord of the Rings. Animated version of the first two parts of Tolkien's novel, directed by Ralph Bakshi, with the voice of John Hurt.

Lost & Found. A romantic comedy directed by Mel Frank, with George Segal as a widowed American professor & Glenda Jackson as an English divorcee.

Love at First Bite. Contemporary parody of the Dracula legend. Directed by Stan Dragoti, with George Hamilton, Richard Benjamin, Arte Johnson & Susan Saint James.

Love on the Run. François Truffaut's latest film, with Jean-Pierre Léaud as Antoine Doinel reviewing his life in a series of flashbacks from Truffaut's earlier films.

Mad Max. Australian film about Hell's Angels & their battles with the police. Directed by George Miller, with Mel Gibson & Joanne Samuel.

Manhattan. Woody Allen's best film to date. A sharp look at contemporary manners in New York but also an indictment of the materialism & spiritual emptiness of much of modern America.

Martin. Horror film directed by George A. Romero, with John Amplas, Lincoln Maazel & Christine Forrest.

Meetings with Remarkable Men. Peter Brook's film based on G. I. Gurdjieff's book. With Dragan Maksimovic, Mikica Dimitrijevic, Terence Stamp & Athol Fugard.

Meteor. Large pieces from a meteor fall to many different places on earth, causing a trail of disasters. Directed by Robert Neame, with Sean Connery, Natalie Wood & Henry Fonda.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Some see it as a blasphemous parody of the life of Christ. In fact it is a patchy plea for never subscribing wholeheartedly to any particular faith or cause.

Moonraker. Latest James Bond film, directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Corinne Clery & Michael Lonsdale.

Norma Rae. Cheerful, humanist film about the growing political & personal awareness of a tex-

tile girl. Sally Field is first rate as the mill-hand who discovers her own voice.

The Outsider. A young American recently discharged from the US Army in Vietnam comes to Ireland & joins the IRA. Directed by Tony Luraschi, with Craig Watson, Sterling Hayden, T. P. McKenna & Niall Tobin.

A Perfect Couple. A comedy about two unlikely people who meet through computer dating in New York. Directed by Robert Altman, with Meryl Streep & Paul Dooley.

Pretty Baby. Louis Malle's controversial film about a 12-year-old girl in a Storyville brothel. Soft-edged & voyeuristic.

Prisoner of Zenda. Directed by Richard Quine, with Peter Sellers playing three different roles. Also starring Lynne Frederick, Lionel Jefferies & Elke Sommer.

Rich Kids. The relationship between two 12-year-olds drawn together by the common bond of rich, divorcing parents. Directed by Robert Young, with Trini Alvarado, Jeremy Levy, Kathryn Walker & John Lithgow.

Saint Jack. Competent Peter Bogdanovich movie about a saintly pimp in Singapore. But are pimps really that nice?

Slow Dancing in the Big City. A romance between a New York newspaper columnist & a ballet dancer. Directed by John Avildsen, with Paul Sorvino & Anne Ditchburn.

Sybil. Directed by Daniel Petrie, with Joanne Woodward, Sally Field & Brad Davis. The film is based on the true story of 11 years' psychiatric treatment of a woman with 16 warring personalities.

The Warriors. A tense story of a gang trying to reach their base in Coney Island via the streets & subways of Manhattan. In America the film has caused a furore: here it simply seems like a well-paced exercise in suspense.

Why Not Stay for Breakfast? A love story set in New York. Directed by Terence Marcel, with Gemma Craven & George Chakiris.

Woyzeck. Directed by Werner Herzog from George Büchner's stage play, with Klaus Kinski in the title role.

Yanks. A lengthy account of the impact of American soldiers on a small Lancashire town in wartime. John Schlesinger directs with careful competence but the film rarely becomes more than a nostalgic wallow.

Yesterday's Hero. One-time football star's struggle to get back to the top of his profession & win the love of international girl pop singer. Written by Jackie Collins, directed by Neil Leifer, with Ian McShane, Suzanne Somers & Adam Faith.

Zulu Dawn. The story of the battle of Isandlwana of 1879, directed by Douglas Hickox & written by Cy Endfield. With Peter O'Toole, Burt Lancaster, Simon Ward, John Mills & Denholm Elliott.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2.

Cinderella, choreography Ashton, music Prokofiev; with Porter, Silver, Jan 2; with Collier, Eagling, Jan 3.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa & Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky; with Mason, Wall, Jan 5.

Mayerling, choreography MacMillan, music Liszt; with Wall, Collier, Park, Mason, Somes, Ellis, Jan 9, 28; with Eagling, Collier, Thorogood, Derman, Somes, Ellis, Jan 10, 30; with Jefferies, Thorogood, Penney, Conley, Somes, Nunn, Jan 17, 31; with Wall, Park, Conley, Mason, Somes, Ellis, Jan 18.

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa, music Tchaikovsky; with Whitten, Jefferies, Jan 12 2pm; with Park, Eagling, Jan 14, 26; with Penney, Wall, Jan 23.

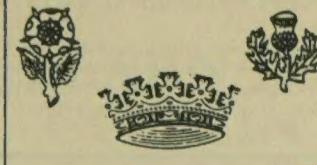
BALLET RAMBERT, Opera Theatre, Manchester:

Night with Waning Moon/Ziggurat/Celebration, new work by Richard Alston, music Maxwell Davies/Rag Dances/Sidewalk, The Tempest. Jan 21-Feb 2.

DANCE UMBRELLA, at ICA, The Mall, SW1 & Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, W6: Artists & groups from Britain, Canada, Europe & the US in 40 performances, master classes, workshops, films & seminars on contemporary dances. ICA from Jan 21, Riverside Studios from Jan 29, the festival continuing through Feb.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

The Nutcracker, choreography Hynd, music



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WHITAKER'S ALMANACK

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Tchaikovsky, designs Doherty. Dec 26-Jan 16. **SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET** on tour: Repertory includes revival of Joe Layton's *The Grand Tour* & first UK performance of Ronald Hynd's *Papillon*, music Offenbach, designs Peter Doherty.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Jan 28-Feb 9.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2: *La traviata*, conductor Pritchard, with Kiri te Kanawa as Violetta, Stuart Burrows as Alfredo, Renato Bruson as Germont. Jan 1, 4, 7, 11, 15, 19, 25.

Die Fledermaus, conductor Maag, with Carol Neblett as Rosalinde, Hermann Prey as Von Eisenstein, Hildegarde Heichele as Adele, Ryszard Karczowski as Alfred, Jonathan Summers as Falke. Jan 5, 8, 12.

Werther, conductor C. Davis, with José Carreras as Werther, Frederica von Stade as Charlotte, Jonathan Summers as Albert, Isobel Buchanan as Sophie. Jan 21, 24, 29.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Julius Caesar, conductor Mackerras, with Janet Baker as Julius Caesar, Sarah Walker as Cornelia, Delta Jones as Sextus, Valerie Masterson as Cleopatra, John Angelo Messana as Ptolemy, John Tomlinson as Achilles. Jan 2.

Night in Venice, conductor Prikopa/Ford, with John Brecknock as the Duke of Urbino, Graham Clark/Terry Jenkins as Caramello, Niall Murray as Pappacoda, Marie McLaughlin as Annina, Marilyn Hill Smith as Ciboletta, John Gibbs as Delacqua, Lynn Barber as Agricola. Jan 3, 5, 8, 10, 17.

The Force of Destiny, conductor Elder/Williams, with Josephine Barstow as Leonora, Henry Howell as Don Alvaro, Neil Howlett as Don Carlos, Cynthia Buchan as Preziosilla, Derek Hammond Stroud as Melitone, Richard Van Allan as Father Guardiano. Jan 4, 9, 12, 15, 18, 22, 25, 30.

The Magic Flute, conductor N. Davies, with Eileen Hannan as Pamina, John Treleaven as Tamino, Alan Opie as Papageno, Marianne Blok as the Queen of the Night, Dennis Wicks as Sarastro. Jan 11, 16, 19, 24.

The Merry Widow, conductor Groves, new production by Colin Graham, designed by David Collis, with Eric Shilling as Baron Mirko, Delta Jones as Valencienne, Emile Belcourt as Danilowitsch, Anne Howells as Hanna Glawari. Jan 23, 26, 29, 31.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH: The Merry Widow, Hansel and Gretel, Carmen.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Dec 28-Jan 19.

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow: *Eugene Onegin*. Jan 3, 5, 8.

The Two Widows. Jan 16, 19, 22, 24.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA: The Coronation of Poppea, The Magic Flute, Ernani.

Theatr Clwyd. Jan 19-26.

Ernani.

County Secondary School, Haverfordwest. Jan 29.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Georgiadis. Viennese evening. Jan 1, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Scots Guards, conductor Hadari. Joanna Gruenberg, piano. Tchaikovsky, Suite from The Nutcracker. Piano Concerto No 1, Marche Slave, Capriccio Italien, Overture 1812 with cannon & mortar effects. Jan 6, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, Massed Choirs from London, Nottinghamshire & Yorkshire, conductor Farcombe. Isobel Buchanan, soprano; Fiona Kimm, contralto; Thomas Edmonds, tenor; Raimund Herinx, bass. Handel, Messiah. Jan 13, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Francis. Irena Zaritskaya, piano. Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on Greensleeves; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Dvorak, Symphony No 9. Jan 20, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

London Sinfonietta, conductor Howarth. Mozart, Serenade in C minor K388; Schönberg, Chamber Symphony No 1. Jan 7, 1pm.

Duo Craic, Anne de Buck, harpsichord; Clare Almond, baroque violin. Leclair, Tartini, Marchand, Sonatas. Jan 10, 1.15pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Pritchard. Ryland Davies, tenor. Sacred & Profane British Music V: Rawsthorne, Elegiac Rhapsody; Britten, Nocturne; Goehr, Little Symphony. Jan 16, 7.30 pm.

Suoraa, directors Clarke, Emsley; Josephine Nendick, mezzo-soprano; Michael Finnissy, piano; John Harrod, percussion. Xenakis, Psappha, Evyali; Finnissy, Talawwa. Jan 17, 7.30pm.

Vocal Ensemble of Wales, director Elfyn Jones. Huw Tregele Williams, organ. Palestrina, Missa Brevis; Bach, Lobet den Herrn; Duruflé, Four Motets; Warlock, Carols. Jan 20, 7.30pm.

Jennifer Smith, soprano; **John Elwes**, tenor, **Clifford Benson**, piano. Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Songs & Duets. Jan 21, 1pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; Jenny Hill, soprano. Bach, Suite No 1 in C, Cantata No 51, Brandenburg Concertos No 3 & No 1. Jan 23, 7.30pm.

BBC Singers, director Poole. Sacred & Profane British Music VI: Vaughan Williams, Three Elizabethan Part Songs; Tippett, Four Songs from the British Isles; Britten, Hymn to St Cecilia; Bantock, Atalanta in Calydon. Jan 24, 7.30pm.

Contrapuncti Chamber Ensemble, director Lankester. Melvyn Tan, harpsichord; Stephen Orton, cello. W. F. Bach, Symphony in F; J. C. F. Bach, Harpsichord Concerto; J. C. Bach, Symphony in G minor; C. P. E. Bach, Cello Concerto in A; J. S. Bach, Suite No 3 in D. Jan 25, 7.30pm.

Victoria Postnikova, piano. Schubert, Four Impromptus D899. Jan 28, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Jessye Norman, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano; **Ulrich von Wrochen**, viola. Beethoven, Berg, Brahms. Jan 1, 7.45pm. EH.

Lindsay String Quartet. Tippett, String Quartet No 4; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor. Jan 2, 7.45pm. EH.

Janet Hilton, clarinet; **Ralph Kirshbaum**, cello; **Peter Frankl**, piano. Beethoven, Trio in B flat Op 11, Sonata in A for cello & piano; Brahms, Trio in A minor Op 114. Jan 4, 7.45pm. EH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Jack Brymer, clarinet. Viennese evening. Jan 6, 7.30pm. FH.

Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Mozart, Sonata in E flat K282; Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor; Beethoven, 33 Variations on a waltz by Diabelli. Jan 6, 3pm. EH.

Brian Rayner Cook, baritone; **Anne Wilkens**, mezzo-soprano; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Lieder without a language barrier, from Schubert to Strauss. Jan 6, 2.45pm. PR.

Orlando String Quartet. Beethoven, Quartet in C minor, Op 18 No 4, Quartet in C Op 59 No 3; Bartók, Quartet No 3. Jan 8, 7.45pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductors del Mar, Tippett; Michael Hordern, narrator; Paul Elliott, tenor. Sir Michael Tippett 75th birthday concert. Tippett, Divertimento on Sellinger's Round, Words for Music Perhaps, Songs for Ariel, Fantasia Concertante on a theme of Corelli, Concerto for Double String Orchestra. Jan 9, 7.45pm. EH.

London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir, conductor Gaddarn; Beryl Tucapsky, Irene Evans, sopranos; Beverley Mills, contralto; Adrian Thompson, tenor; Bruce Kershaw, bass; Felix Schmidt, cello; Leslie Pearson, organ. Handel, Dixit Dominus; Haydn, Cello Concerto in D, Paukenmesse. Jan 12, 7.45pm. EH.

Guarneri String Quartet. Beethoven, Quartet in D Op 18 No 3, Quartet in F minor Op 95, Quartet in F Op 135. Jan 13, 7.15pm. EH.

Beaux Arts Trio. Haydn, Trio in E flat; Shostakovich, Trio in E minor; Tchaikovsky, Trio in A minor Op 50. Jan 15, 7.45pm. EH.

Songmakers' Almanac: Jill Gomez, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. 1888—Portrait of a Year: Songs by Wolf, Debussy & others. Jan 16, 7.30pm. PR.

Nikita Magaloff, piano. Chopin. Jan 17, 7.45pm. EH.

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, conductor Lovett; Janet Price, soprano; Adrian Thompson, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Handel at Canons, music written between 1717-20. Jan 18, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, London

Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Felicity Lott, soprano; Elizabeth Connell, contralto; Willard White, bass. Rachmaninov, Three Russian folk songs for chorus & orchestra; Szymanowski, Stabat Mater; Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky. Jan 19, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor Haitink; Norma Burrows, soprano. Mozart, Symphony No 35; Poulenc, Gloria; Beethoven, Symphony No 7. Jan 20, 7.30pm. FH.

Parikian/Fleming/Roberts Trio; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; **John Shirley-Quirk**, bass baritone. Beethoven, An die ferne Geliebte, Solos & duets with piano trio, Piano trio in E flat. Jan 20, 7.15pm. EH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Pritchard; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe-Johnson, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Maxwell Davies. Second Fantasia on an In nomine of John Taverner; Mozart, Requiem. Jan 21, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. Schubert, Symphony No 8; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto in E minor; Haydn, Sinfonia Concertante; Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel. Jan 22, 8pm. FH.

Nicholas Danby, organ. Bruhns, Holler, Daniele, Franck, Vierne, Bach. Jan 23, 5.55pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati. Haydn, Symphony No 3; Tippett, Concerto for Orchestra; Dvorák, Symphony No 9. Jan 23, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra; Jean-Bernard Pommier, director & piano; William Bennett, flute. Mozart, Serenade in D K239, Flute Concerto in D K314, Piano Concerto in F K459; Haydn, Symphony No 92. Jan 23, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Haitink; Janet Price, soprano. Mozart, Symphony No 40; Tippett, Symphony No 3. Jan 24, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Handley; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Wallace, Tune; Walton, Cello Concerto, Symphony No 1. Jan 25, 8pm. FH.

Northern Sinfonia Orchestra, conductor Vásáry; Colin Carr, cello; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Hugh Potts, horn. Britten, Serenade for tenor, horn & strings; Poulenc, Mouvements Perpétuels; Tchaikovsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme for cello & orchestra; Martinu, Serenade No 4; Mozart, Symphony No 36. Jan 25, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Haitink. Beethoven, Symphony No 8, Symphony No 7. Jan 27, 3.15pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Abbado; Margaret Price, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Dennis O'Neil, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass baritone. Mozart, Symphony No 41, Mass in C minor. Jan 27, 7.30pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Pritchard; Pinchas Zukerman, violin. Kagel, Variations without a Fugue on Brahms' Variations on a theme of Handel; Beethoven, Violin Concerto in D; Brahms/Schönberg, Piano Quartet No 1 in G minor. Jan 29, 8pm. FH.

Nash Ensemble, conductor Elder; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Antony Pay, clarinet. Ravel, Delage, Crosé, Boulez. Jan 29, 7.45pm. EH.

Peter Planyavsky, organ. Brahms, Heiller, Bach, Planyavsky, Schmidt. Jan 30, 5.55pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Robert Tear, Keith Lewis, tenors; John Shirley-Quirk, bass baritone; Marius Rintzler, bass. Glazunov, Les Ruses d'Amour; Rachmaninov, Francesca da Rimini. Jan 30, 8pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Dmitri Alexeev, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1, Symphony No 6. Jan 31, 8pm. FH.

WEMBLEY CONFERENCE CENTRE, Wembley, Middx: **Beethoven Cycle: Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Sanderling; **John Lill**, piano. Beethoven, Symphony No 1, Piano Concerto No 4, Symphony No 2, Jan 9; Piano Concerto No 3, Symphony No 3, Jan 13; Symphony No 4, Piano Concerto No 2, Symphony No 5, Jan 16; Piano Concerto No 5, Symphony No 6, Jan 20; Symphony No 8, Piano Concerto No 1, Symphony No 7, Jan 23; 7.30pm; **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Sanderling. Beethoven,

Choral Fantasy, Symphony No 9. Jan 27, 7.30pm.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1: **Imogen Cooper**, piano. Haydn, Chopin, Fauré. Liszt. Jan 1, 7.30pm.

Schumann Cycle: Peter Frankl, piano. Schumann, Faschingsschwank aus Wien, Davidsbündlertänze, Carnaval, Jan 2; Sonata No 2 in G minor, Sonata No 3 in F minor, Sonata No 1 in F sharp minor, Jan 12; Humoreske, Waldszenen, Kreisleriana, Jan 23; 7.30pm. **Marina Horak**, piano. Skerjanc, Maticic, Beethoven, Janacek, Schumann. Jan 5, 3.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet; Hamish Milne, piano: **Elise Ross**, soprano. Medtner, Piano solos, songs & Piano Quintet. Jan 5, 7.30pm.

Dieter Werning, piano. Chopin. Jan 6, 3.30pm. **Sylvia Rosenberg**, violin; **Craig Sheppard**, piano. Messiaen, Theme & variations; Debussy, Sonata; Fauré, Sonata No 1 in A; Beethoven, Sonata in F Op 24; Bartók, Rhapsody No 1. Jan 6, 7.30pm.

James Bowman, counter tenor; **Robert Spencer**, lute; **Forbes Henderson**, guitar. Jacobean Ayres & Dances; Rodney Bennett, Time's Whiter series for counter tenor & guitar; Wills, Three Elizabethan love songs; Folk songs. Jan 8, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble; Stephen Roberts, baritone. Mozart, Poulenc, Milhaud, Fauré, Ravel. Jan 9, 7.30pm.

Taverner Players, director Parrott; Emma Kirkby, soprano; Nigel Rogers, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Monteverdi, Farina. Jan 10, 7.30pm.

Geraldine Allen, clarinet; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Martinu, Whettam, Loureglio, Milhaud, Reger. Jan 12, 3.30pm.

Julian Bream, guitar. Jan 13, 7.30pm.

Kodály String Quartet. Kodály, Quartet No 2 in D; Prokofiev, Quartet No 1 in B; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132. Jan 17, 7.30pm.

Moray Welsh, cello; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Brahms, Sonata in E minor Op 38; Berkeley, Étude de Fleurs, Iberian Notebook; Mendelssohn, Variations Concertantes; Strauss, Sonata in F. Jan 18, 7.30pm.

Gérard Souzay, baritone; **Dalton Baldwin**, piano. Fauré, Mirages Op 113; Schubert, Die Winterreise. Jan 19, 7.30pm.

Eugenia Krasnoselsky, piano. Bach, Prelude & fugue in G sharp minor; Beethoven, Sonata Op 2 No 2; Debussy, Images Book I; Chopin, Étude in A minor, Sonata in B flat minor; Liszt, Wilde Jagd. Jan 20, 3.30pm.

The King's Musick; Roderick Skeaping, violin, treble viol; **Jane Ryan**, bass viol; **Nicholas McGegan**, harpsichord, flute; **Ian Gammie**, bass viol, baroque guitar, readings. A baroque entertainment in the musical styles of England, France & Italy. Jan 24, 7.30pm.

Kodály String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in D minor; Bartók, Quartet No 4; Ravel, Quartet in F. Jan 26, 7.30pm.

Katharina Wolpe, piano. Haydn, Sonata in E flat; Schumann, Fantasia in C; Mussorgsky, Pictures at an Exhibition. Jan 27, 3.30pm.

Bianca Bodalia, piano. Haydn, Sonata No 52 in E flat; Brahms, Eight piano pieces Op 76; Mendelssohn, Variations sérieuses Op 54; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Gnomenreigen, Mephisto Waltz No 1. Jan 29, 7.30pm.

The English Concert, Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord. Vivaldi, Sinfonia in D minor; Bach, Harpsichord Concerto in A, Violin Concerto in A minor; Handel, Concerto Grosso in B minor Op 6 No 12, Concerto Grosso in F Op 6 No 9. Jan 31, 7.30pm.

EXHIBITIONS

African textiles. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Eva Aldbrook, "At Home in Tuscany"—paintings. *Hamilton's, 13 Carlos Pl, W1*. Jan 18-Feb 2, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Elizabeth Andrewes, Barbara Delaney, Shirley Felts, drawings. *Oxford Gallery, 23 High St, Oxford*. Jan 7-Feb 6, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

The Art of Hollywood, art direction in films from 1903 to the early '50s. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until Jan 24. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. £1.25. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

The Artist & the Kirk. Drawings, paintings & engravings by Scottish painters of the 18th & 19th centuries showing religious interest in artistic expression. *National Gallery of Scotland, The Mound, Prince's St, Edinburgh*. Until Jan 30.

Mon Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, 31, Jan 1, 2.

Aspects of Siberian Design. *Museum of Mankind.* Until Aug.

The Atlantic Neptune, the history of charting, including 18th century charts. *National Maritime Museum, SE10.* Until April, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Mabel Lucie Attwell centenary exhibition. Books, postcards, posters, ceramics, toys, handkerchiefs, original illustrations. *Brighton Museum, Church St, Brighton, W. Sussex.* Until Jan 27. Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, 31, Jan 1.

Jo Barry, drawings; **Alan Caiger-Smith,** ceramic lustre; **Jenny Cook,** paintings on glass; **Iris Sonnies,** animals in clay. *Oxford Gallery.* Until Jan 2. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

Battleship, photographs illustrating the development & decline of the modern battleship. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1.* Until Feb 28. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Beatific Images—icons, antique folklore jewelry, maps, objets d'art, embroideries, small country furniture. *Maria Andipa's Icon Gallery, 162 Walton St, SW3.* Until Jan 31, Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat until 2pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

Raymond Briggs, original illustrations from some of his most famous books. *The Grange, Rottingdean, W. Sussex.* Until Feb 3. Thurs-Tues 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, 31, Jan 1.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum.* Until Apr. 60p.

The British Art Show—a major survey of current painting & sculpture by 112 artists. An Arts Council exhibition. *Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, S. Yorks.* Until Jan 27, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26.

Alison Britton, recent ceramics. *Crafts Advisory Committee Gallery, 12 Waterloo Place, SW1.* Until Jan 12, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, 31, Jan 1.

Camping, Outdoor Holiday Exhibition & Motor Caravan Show. *Olympia, W14.* Dec 28-Jan 6, Mon-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 11am-7pm, £1.

The Century of Rubens & Rembrandt, 17th-century Dutch & Flemish drawings from the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until Jan 13, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26.

Certain Traditions. A British Council exhibition of works by British & Canadian artists. *Herbert Art Gallery, Coventry, W. Midlands.* Until Jan 19, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, 31, Jan 1.

Challenge of the Chip—how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7.* Until June, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin, 18th-century engravings. *Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* Until Feb 23, Tues-Sat 2-5pm, alternate Suns 2.15-5pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 1.

Claude & the development of landscape drawing. *Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* Until Feb 3.

A Cold Wind Brushing the Temple. An Arts Council exhibition of drawings, paintings & sculpture, selected by George Melly. *Turnpike Gallery, Leigh, Nr Manchester.* Jan 12-Feb 16, Tues-Fri 10am-6pm (Wed until 5pm), Sat 10am-3.30pm.

Captain Cook & Mr Hodges. Paintings & drawings of Cook's second voyage, 1772-75, by the "Resolution" artist. *National Maritime Museum.* Until Easter.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind.* Until May.

Cyprus BC: 7,000 years of history. *British Museum.* Until Mar 16.

Designer Bookbinders—a travelling exhibition. *Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* Until Jan 12, Tues-Sat 10am-2pm, alternate Suns 2.15-5pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 1.

Pat Douthwaite, oil paintings & drawings. *Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7.* Jan 8-17, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm.

Susan Dray, prints & drawings. *Illustrators' Art Gallery, 16a d'Arblay St, W1.* Jan 8-26, Mon-Sat, 10am-6pm.

James Ensor, etchings. Arts Council exhibition. *Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* Jan 2-Feb 24.

Finnish glass—work by artists now working in Finland & examples of work from the last 30

years. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2.* Jan 9-Feb 2, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.

Four Painters/One Generation—paintings by Boshier, Caulfield, Hockney, Riley. *Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Inverleith House, Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh.* Until Feb 3, Mon-Sat 10am-3.30pm, Sun 1-3.30pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, 31, Jan 1, 2.

David Garrick, Garrick's collection of early English plays. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until May 11, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Glass—the British Society of Master Glass-Painters' annual exhibition, includes mirrors, light boxes, roundels, lampshades & objets d'art. *Building Centre, 26 Store St, WC1.* Until Jan 3, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Dec 22 10am-1pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, 29, 30, Jan 1.

Graven Images—the art of British wood-engraving. A Scottish Arts Council touring exhibition. *Paisley Museum & Art Gallery, Paisley, Renfrewshire.* Until Jan 5, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sat until 6pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1-3. *Aberdeen Art Gallery & Museum, Aberdeen.* Jan 12-Feb 2, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm.

The Great British—photographs by Arnold Newman of eminent British men & women. Presented in conjunction with "The Sunday Times". *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2.* Until May 11, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm, Sun 3pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Hollar to Heidegger: the roots of fashion journalism. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Feb 17.

Alec B. Hunter, textile designer & craftsman. *Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2.* Until Jan 15, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Ingres—an Arts Council exhibition of drawings from the Musée Ingres at Montauban. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Feb 24. 80p.

The Irish Inheritance—traditional Irish weaving by craftswomen. In conjunction with the Festival of Irish Arts "A Sense of Ireland". *Crafts Advisory Committee Gallery.* Jan 30-Mar 29.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, 18th- & 19th-century portraits. *National Portrait Gallery, 15 Carlton House Terrace, SW1.* Until Mar 16, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 80p. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

London International Boat Show. *Earl's Court, W5.* Jan 3-13, Mon-Fri 10am-8.30pm, Sat, Sun 10am-7pm. Jan 3, 4 £3, then £1.50.

Mario Merz, recent sculptures in glass, neon & tree branches. *Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High St, E1.* Jan 18-Mar 2, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm.

Model Engineer Exhibition. *Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx.* Jan 2-12, Wed 11.30am-7pm, Thurs-Sat 10am-7pm, Mon, Tues 10am-9pm. £1.25.

National Exhibition of Children's Art. *Guildhall Art Gallery, EC2.* Until Jan 2, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Photography in Print-Making. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Feb 10.

Portraits of the East, portrait painting of China, Japan and India. *British Museum.* Until Jan 13.

Post-Impressionism & Europe, from the break-up of Impressionism to the establishment of Fauvism & Cubism. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1.* Until Mar 16, daily 10am-6pm, Weds until 8pm. £2 (half price Sun until 1.45pm). Closed Dec 24-26.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1.* Until June, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p. Closed Dec 24, 25.

Joel Shapiro, sculptures & drawings by a New York sculptor. *Whitechapel Gallery.* Jan 18-Feb 25.

The Shoe Show 1790-1979, a historical survey of boots and shoes organized by the Crafts Council. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Until Jan 6, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. 30p. Closed Dec 24-26, 31, Jan 1.

William Stok, sculptures in wood & stretched canvas—an environment for children. *Shaw Theatre, Euston Rd, NW1.* Dec 27-Jan 5, 11am-5pm. Closed Dec 30-Jan 1.

Sumerian Civilization. Modern man, the origins of his culture & the beginning of civilization. *Iraqi Cultural Centre Gallery, 177 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.* Until Jan 11, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Ann Sutton, weaving. A Crafts Advisory Committee travelling exhibition. *Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Kendal, Cumbria.* Jan 2-27, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat, Sun 2-5pm. 35p.

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& Mughal painting. British Library, British Museum. Until Feb.

Telegraph Sunday Magazine competition. Winning photographs from this year's British photography competition. Kodak Photographic Gallery, 246 High Holborn, WC1. Until Jan 25, Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1. **Ten Years of 40½ Workshops.** Work by 50 craftsmen in ceramics, textiles, jewelry, silversmithing, illustration, toys, furniture & photography. Commonwealth Institute Art Gallery, Kensington High St, W8. Until Jan 6, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Textile arts of France. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Apr.

Thirties. British arts & design before the war. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until Jan 13, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat 10am-6pm. Sun noon-6pm. £1.20 (60p all day Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm). Closed Dec 22-26, Jan 1.

Morwenna Thistleton-Waite, recent paintings. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1. Jan 17-Feb 6, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm. **The Vaughan Bequest:** Turner watercolours. National Gallery of Scotland. Jan 3-31.

Louis Wain & friends—"Star-struck Cats of Fame & Promise." Paintings, drawings & watercolours. Parkin Gallery, 11 Motcomb St, SW1. Until Jan 5, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

Michael Werner, sculpture. Annely Juda, 11 Tottenham Mews, W1. Until Jan 26, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Dec 22-2 Jan 2.

Peter de Wint—an Arts Council touring exhibition of drawings & watercolours. Bolton Museum & Art Gallery, Bolton, Lancs. Until Jan 12, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, 31, Jan 1.

Belinda Wright, paintings. Hamilton's. Jan 18-Feb 2.

Antiques fairs

Antiques Market. The Bull, Olney, Bucks. Jan 1. **Norwich Antiques Fair.** Blackfriars Hall, Norwich. Jan 10-12.

SALEROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

European oil paintings. Jan 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Jan 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 2.30pm.

Silver & plate. Jan 8, 22, 11am.

Watercolours & drawings. Jan 9, 11am.

Porcelain & works of art. Jan 11, 18, 25, 11am.

Wines. Jan 15, 11am.

Furs. Jan 16, 10.30am.

Modern pictures. Jan 30, 11am.

Stamps. Jan 31, 2pm.

Dolls. Jan 11, 2pm.

Scientific instruments. Jan 17, 2pm.

Mallin the Penman collection of pens manufactured from 1890 to 1970. Jan 18, 2pm.

Lead soldiers. Jan 24, 2pm.

Books, including the "Romance of King Arthur" signed by Arthur Rackham. Jan 25, 10.30am.

17th- & 18th-century damasks & embroideries. Jan 29, 2pm.

Fans. Jan 31, 2pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Silver & plate. Jan 4, 11, 18, 25, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. Jan 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Watercolours. Jan 7, 21, 11am.

Prints. Jan 7, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Jan 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

Antique & modern jewelry. Jan 8, 1.30pm.

Oriental ceramics & works of art. Jan 9, 23, 11am.

Furs. Jan 10, 10am.

Oil paintings. Jan 14, 21, 2pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Jan 16, 30, 11am.

Musical instruments. Jan 17, 11am.

Postage stamps: General sale, Jan 17; **Specialized Great Britain,** Jan 24; **A dealer's stock,** Jan 30; **British Commonwealth,** Jan 31; 11am.

Books, MSS & atlases. Jan 17, 1.30pm.

Jewels. Jan 22, 1.30pm.

Modern pictures. Jan 28, 2pm.

Clocks & watches. Jan 29, 2pm.

Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Jan 31, 10am.

SOTHEBY'S, 34-35 New Bond St, W1:

Rugs & carpets. Jan 9, 11am; Jan 18, 10.30am.

Musical instruments. Jan 10, 10.30am.

Oak furniture. Jan 11, 11am.

European ceramics. Jan 15, 29, 11am.

English pictures. Jan 16, 11am.

Silver. Jan 17, 24, 31, 11am.

Continental furniture. Jan 18, 11am.

Russian works of art. Jan 21, 11am.

Chinese works of art. Jan 22, 10.30am.

Coins. Jan 23, 10am & 2pm.

Wines. Jan 23, 10.30am.

Modern British pictures. Jan 23, 11am.

Jewels. Jan 24, 10.30am.

Drawings & watercolours. Jan 24, 2.30pm.

English furniture. Jan 25, 11am.

Printed books I, Jan 28; **II,** Jan 29; 11am.

Icons. Jan 28, 2.30pm.

Continental pictures. Jan 30, 11am.

Japanese prints. Jan 30, 11am & 2.30pm.

LECTURES

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Producer's licence: two different productions of "The Ring" by Chéreau & Friedrichs, R. Milnes. Jan 8, 1.00pm. £1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:

Historical Association Christmas lecture for children: The Vikings in England, Dr D. Wilson. Jan 3, 2.30pm. Admission by ticket from Historical Association, 59a Kennington Park Rd, SE11.

Village & suburbia—a series of lectures illustrating the development of London through its individual communities: The character of the London village, T. Aldous. Jan 16; Southwark, A. Pockter. Jan 23; Bermondsey, M. Boast. Jan 30; 1.10pm.

Films:

London's transport, through the eyes of documentary & feature film-makers:

The Pool of London; There go the boats. Jan 2, 11am & 2.30pm.

Night mail; Omnibus 150; London on the move; Great Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Jan 3, 11am.

Genevieve; Early transport 1893-1926; London to Brighton in 4 minutes. Jan 4, 11am & 2.30pm.

A hundred years underground; The elephant will never forget; Terminus. Jan 5, 11am & 2.30pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2: The High Renaissance: I, A. Tyndall, Jan 2; II, P. Spencer-Longhurst, Jan 3; 1pm.

The Renaissance in Venice, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 4, 1pm.

The northern Renaissance & Holbein, A. Tyndall. Jan 5, noon.

Renaissance paintings, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 8, 1pm.

Costume of the 16th century, A. Tyndall. Jan 9, 1pm.

January saints including St Sebastian & St Anthony Abbot, A. Tyndall. Jan 10, 1pm.

Jan van Eyck's "Arnolfini Portrait", A. Tyndall. Jan 11, 1pm.

Pontormo & the Mannerist tradition, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 12, noon.

Mystery tour of the gallery, A. Tyndall. Jan 15, 1pm.

Rubens & royalty, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 16, 1pm.

Rubens's Whitehall ceiling, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 17, 1pm.

Robert Campin's "Madonna of the Fire-screen", P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 18, 1pm.

Van Dyck, A. Tyndall. Jan 19, noon.

Velazquez, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 22, 1pm.

Murillo, A. Tyndall. Jan 23, 1pm.

Zurbaran, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 24, 1pm.

Memline's "Donne Triptych", A. Tyndall. Jan 25, 1pm.

Teniers, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 26, noon.

Introduction to Dutch painting, A. Tyndall. Jan 29, 1pm.

Flower paintings of the National Gallery, A. Tyndall. Jan 30, 1pm.

The Peel Collection, P. Spencer-Longhurst. Jan 31, 1pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Place, WC2:

A guided tour of the Sir Thomas Lawrence

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Silvino Trompetto, M.B.E., Maitre Chef des Cuisines at the Savoy Restaurant, with his chef's Chantilly.

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Observations and conversation at The Savoy, London about Champagne.

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And that Champagne: Mumm Cordon Rouge. Enough Mumm Cordon Rouge has flowed in The Savoy to float one of those big barges which sulk silently a few yards away in the middle of the world's most famous river.

One famous guest was the legendary Mr. John McCormack. He had a prodigious thirst to go with his incredible voice. He loved The Savoy and copious quantities of Champagne. When asked by an admirer what he was drinking, he put a finger to his lips and whispered "Mumm's the word." As a testimonial, it would be difficult to achieve a higher note.

"Tromps and Circumstance"

Silvino Trompetto, M.B.E., an earthy Englishman, is the Maître Chef des Cuisines in The Savoy Restaurant. He is also in charge of banquets, which at The Savoy are no small fêtes. Fame frequently bestows nicknames on people. Silvino Trompetto, M.B.E., is quite happy to be called Tromps.

Tromps is unusual. Take, for example, the M.B.E. He was the first British Chef to have such an honour bestowed upon him. That's him on the right holding a glass of Mumm Cordon Rouge. Behind him is Mr. Antonio Celant. He is the Restaurant and Private Rooms Manager. Tromps says things like, "I am a complete snob, because I'm too stupid to realize that no one is entitled to be a snob." As for Champagne (pause for another sip of Mumm Cordon Rouge), "the mere fact that you're drinking it is great."

This writer has never seen Tromps drink anything but a little Champagne, except when he has to drive his Mercedes. Then it's strictly bubbly mineral water. A bottle of Mumm Cordon Rouge can appear instantly in his tiny little office in the kitchen at almost any hour (he works 70 hours a week). Of the younger members in the kitchen, he says, raising a glass to them, "I'd like them to be better than any of us who have taught them." If only all Heads of State could say the same.

It would be difficult for anyone to better the feast he prepared to complement the Mumm Cordon Rouge.

Tromps started with *La Truite Saumonée au Champagne*. Delicious. This was followed by *La Couronne d'Agneau rôtie* and *Les Grouses sur Canapé with Les Pommes Gauffrettes*. Delicious.

Other creations came one after the other: *La Charlotte Royale*, *La Crème Beau Rivage*, *La Croque en Bouche*, *Les Framboises* and *Les Fraises Rafraîchies à la Crème*. These last delights were accompanied by the greatest Champagne in the Mumm range – the famous ribbed bottle of Cuvée René Lalou.

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Into the 80s

The move from the 1970s into the 1980s provides a good opportunity both for looking ahead and for taking stock. In this issue we look ahead by publishing the views of ten people about what they think will happen, and what they would like to happen, in their particular fields of interest during the coming decade. In our last issue we published a review of the 1970s which did not make very cheerful reading, for it concluded (rightly, we think) that the 1970s are most likely to be remembered as a remarkably savage decade, and as years of wasted opportunity. Can we hope for better things in the 1980s? We believe we can, though we are not such cock-eyed optimists as to assume that everything will get better just because an imperfectly designed calendar for accumulating time has moved from one number to the next. On the contrary, it must be recognized that the immediate prospects range from poor to horrendous. Nonetheless we start the 1980s with advantages.

For Britain these are not difficult to see, though in the hurly-burly of modern life they may be forgotten or taken for granted. We are living in what is, in historical terms, a long period of peace and prosperity. The peace is marred at home by the conflict in Northern Ireland, and that clearly must be on the agenda for resolution in the 1980s. Prosperity must similarly be qualified by recognition of the small pockets of society that have not been sharing in it. But for the vast majority of Britons it is a fact that they are better off, in spite of inflation, than they have ever been. This is confirmed by the latest edition of *Social Trends*, published by the Central Statistical Office in December. The report analysed changes in the British way and standard of living during the last three decades—from the austerity of the early 1950s through the “never had it so good” years to the late 1970s, when it is clear that the majority have, in material terms, had it even better.

Throughout this period real incomes rose more than expenditure and people spent more of their money on consumer durables. What were once regarded as luxuries became commonplace; in the 1950s under 10 per cent of households had a refrigerator or a television set, but by 1978 90 per cent had acquired them. In the 1950s nearly half the population lived in terraced houses, the vast majority using coal as their main source of fuel, and nearly half having no fixed bath. In the 1970s more than half the population owned their own homes and the same proportion lived either in semi-detached houses or flats or maisonettes, using gas as the main fuel, and all but 4 per cent having the use of a bath or shower. More young people moved into their own homes at increasingly early ages,

and could afford to buy their own radios, stereos and cars (57 per cent of households had cars by the late 1970s). More young people stayed on at school longer (73 per cent of people now in their sixties left school before they were 15, compared with only 4 per cent of people now in their thirties). Many more women go out to work, so a higher proportion of families have more than one earner. And the majority of people have longer paid holidays and work slightly shorter weeks, so there is more time for leisure.

Statistically, therefore, there is no denying that the majority of Britons are better off at the start of the 1980s than they have ever been, though whether this material well-being has led to greater happiness and enjoyment of life is a question the Central Statistical Office has not sought to answer (the fact that the use of tranquillizers has greatly increased in the last decade may suggest that there is no correlation between the two). As a nation we should nevertheless be in good heart to face the shocks that 1980 promises to bring, not least of which must be the presumption that standards of living cannot go on increasing at the rate they have been in the last two decades.

Alongside the Statistical Office's report has come the Treasury's lastest forecast for the economy in 1980. It is a dismal document. Inflation will continue in double figures, real incomes will fall, output will decline by 2 per cent and unemployment will rise. In spite of rising revenues from North Sea oil the Treasury expects a deficit on the balance of payments of £2,000 million, and the nation's trading performance is not expected to show much improvement over this year's. A tight profits squeeze is expected, with investment in manufacturing industries falling by 7 per cent, and other investment likely to remain at about 1979 levels. The overall forecast is thus much more pessimistic than the figures published at the time of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget in June, and it has been accompanied by warnings of possible wide margins of error—a wise precaution in view of the inaccuracy of some previous attempts at reading the economic crystal ball.

The only conclusions that can be drawn from so cautious a document seem to be that the Government is finding it much more difficult effectively to reduce public spending than had originally been expected (no forecast of the 1980 level of spending is included in the Treasury's paper), and that as a result the struggle to contain, and then to reduce, inflation is likely to be harder and more painful than has yet been realized. In recent weeks, however, there have been some signs that the problems of the British economy have become better understood both by managers and by many industrial workers, if not always by their representatives.

British Leyland employees voted in favour of the company's plan for survival, and have subsequently gone on working in spite of the sacking of a senior shop steward convenor. The mineworkers voted against their executive's call for industrial action to try to secure a wage deal better than the 20 per cent on offer. The management of the nationalized steel industry, faced with the fact that its cheques would bounce if it tried to pay more, concluded that it could only afford a rise of 2 per cent, plus productivity deals, for its workforce. British Steel was threatened with a strike, and with a warning from the Government that its revenue losses will not be funded beyond the financial year which ends in March, and its losses in this year are currently forecast at £300 million.

The climate of industry appears to be changing. If this impression is confirmed by subsequent experience this winter, and during the winter of 1980-81, then the 1980s will have had an encouraging start. To our current economic strengths—North Sea oil, substantial coal reserves, profitable earnings from “invisibles” such as finance and tourism, efficient agriculture—might, later in the decade, be added a revised manufacturing industrial base with productivity and pricing which is competitive with other countries.

In his contribution to this issue Mr Jo Grimond sets out in grim detail the pessimistic view of a Britain that fails to make the necessary changes in the coming decade: a Britain on the way to a mild dictatorship, with third-rate industries, low standard of living and slight influence in the world. We share his distress at such a prospect, but we have more confidence that the changed attitudes he calls for will be forthcoming. Many people now accept that much state activity is valueless or harmful. Experience in Britain and other countries since the war has made even socialists question the efficacy of collective action and the value of changing ownership and the balance of power for their own sakes. Why is public property so frequently a target for vandalism? Does more state spending produce better services? Why are so many pupils who are being compulsorily educated in the state system apparently so indifferent to the education they are being given? These are some of the questions recently posed by a socialist who was concerned that so many of his ideals seemed not to be working in practice, and the fact that they are being asked at all is in itself some indication that attitudes are changing.

In the past Britain has been at its best when individuals have been given the opportunity to make their own decisions and develop their own personality and talents. If that opportunity is revived, and the demand for it is clearly growing, then our review of the 1980s will be much more rewarding than was our portrait of the 1970s.

FOR THE RECORD

Tuesday, November 13

President Suharto of Indonesia, accompanied by his wife, arrived in London at the start of a three-day State visit.

The Times was published again for the first time since November 30, 1978.

An 18-year-old soldier was killed in South Armagh in a Provisional IRA bomb explosion near to the border.

Wednesday, November 14

President Carter of the United States ordered the freezing of \$5,000 million in Iranian government assets held in American banks in retaliation for the holding of American hostages in its embassy in Teheran.

Britain's trade deficit for October was £339 million.

The widow of a nuclear plant worker at Windscale who died of leukaemia in 1971 was awarded £67,000 damages, to be paid by British Nuclear Fuels.

All the mayors in the Israeli-occupied West Bank of the Jordan resigned in protest at the arrest of the Mayor of Nablus, Bassam Shaka, who was alleged to have made pro terrorist remarks. On December 5 the Israeli Military Government of the West Bank annulled an expulsion order on Mr Shaka and released him from prison. The 25 Arab mayors announced they would resume their functions.

Over 200 people were killed by an earthquake which struck the province of Khorasan in east Iran.

Thomas Hammarberg, a Swedish journalist aged 37, was appointed secretary-general of Amnesty International in succession to Martin Ennals.

Thursday, November 15

Sir Anthony Blunt, former member of MI5 and former Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, was named as a spy and the "fourth man" in the affair concerning the defection of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean in 1951 and of Kim Philby in 1963. The Prime Minister, in a written statement to the House of Commons, said that in 1964 Blunt had confessed his role as a Soviet agent in return for immunity from prosecution. His knighthood was annulled and he resigned his appointment as art adviser to the Queen.

The Bank of England's minimum lending rate was increased from 14 per cent to 17 per cent.

Agreement was reached at the Lancaster House talks on Zimbabwe Rhodesia on the terms of transition to independence which gave the Patriotic Front guerrilla forces the same standing as Rhodesia's army. Talks continued on ceasefire arrangements.

42 people lost their lives in a collision between a Greek ship and a Rumanian tanker in the Bosphorus. All 33 crew of the Greek ship were rescued but only three from the crew of 45 on the Rumanian ship were saved.

Friday, November 16

A rate support grant totalling £9,600 million, based on a 13 per cent rate of inflation, was announced by Michael Heseltine, the Environment Secretary.

Saturday, November 17

Ayatollah Khomeini, leader of Iran, ordered the student occupiers of the American embassy in Teheran to release women and black American hostages. On November 19 three of the 62 held in the embassy—two black men and one woman—were released and flown to a US Army base in Germany. Ten more—six black men and four women—were released later that day. All 13 arrived back in the United States on November 22. Iran's religious leader also announced that the remaining hostages may stand trial in Islamic Courts on spying charges.

The New Zealand All Blacks rugby team were defeated by the Northern Division by 21 points to 9 at Otley in Yorkshire. It was the only defeat of their tour.

Sunday, November 18

Senora Lidia Gueiler, a civilian politician, was installed as President of Bolivia in succession to Colonel Alberto Natusch Busch who had been forced to resign after seizing power in a military coup on November 1.

Monday, November 19

British Leyland sacked Derek Robinson, a senior shop steward convenor at Longbridge, a communist who was also chairman of the unofficial BL shop stewards committee. The committee published a booklet urging opposition to the manage-

ment's plan for the company's survival which had been approved in a secret ballot by an overwhelming majority of employees. Car production at Longbridge was brought to a standstill as some workers walked out in protest at his dismissal. On November 27 the executive of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers ordered a complete return to work while an inquiry was held into Mr Robinson's dismissal.

President Giscard d'Estaing of France arrived in London for talks with Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, which concentrated mainly on Britain's contribution to the EEC budget and the French ban on the import of British lamb.

A Greek monk, Brother Lazarus, of St Mary's Greek Orthodox Cathedral in Camberwell, was battered to death by three young intruders as he tried to stop them stealing from his church.

Tuesday, November 20

The board of the National Enterprise Board resigned following the decision by Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Industry, to remove Rolls-Royce from the control of the NEB and to transfer it to the Department of Industry. On the following day Sir Keith appointed a new seven-man board under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Knight.

The Government abandoned the Protection of Official Information Bill in the light of revelations in the Anthony Blunt case.

Humphrey Atkins, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, released the working papers which were to form the basis of four-party talks, planned to begin at Stormont on December 3, to break the political deadlock in Northern Ireland. The Official Unionists had previously rejected an invitation to attend the talks and on November 22 the executive of the Social Democratic and Labour Party in Northern Ireland refused to attend. As a result of their decision Gerald Fitt, leader and founder of the SDLP, resigned. On November 26 the Government dropped its plan to convene the conference.

Prince Charles made a six-hour surprise visit to Northern Ireland to see the three British regiments of which he was colonel and colonel-in-chief.

Unemployment in the UK fell by 12,436 in November to 1,355,203—the lowest figure for that month since 1975.

The Great Mosque in the holy city of Mecca in Saudi Arabia was seized by armed Muslim fanatics thought to be from the Sunni sect. 60 hostages were taken.

President Kaunda of Zambia announced he was putting his armed forces on full scale war alert against Zimbabwe Rhodesia. His action followed a series of Zimbabwe Rhodesian commando raids on Zambia's road and rail bridges which had almost isolated the capital Lusaka from the rest of the country.

Wednesday, November 21

The United States embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, was set on fire by mobs who demonstrated following false rumours that Americans and Israelis had been responsible for the takeover of the Great Mosque in Mecca on November 20. An American marine and an army warrant officer died but all others were rescued. Demonstrations against the United States also took place in Turkey and Bangladesh.

Pierre Trudeau, former Prime Minister of Canada, announced his resignation as leader of Canada's Liberal Party from March, 1980.

Thursday, November 22

Building Societies increased their mortgage interest rates from 11.75 per cent to 15 per cent.

A heart transplant operation was performed at Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire, on Andrew Barlow, aged 29. It was the third such operation to be performed at Papworth this year.

Dr Kenneth Kaunda, President of Zambia, accused Britain of having prior knowledge of the recent attacks by Zimbabwe Rhodesian forces on economic targets in Zambia. The flag at the British High Commission in Lusaka was lowered by angry demonstrators. On the following day Britain recalled its ambassador to London.

Friday, November 23

Thomas McMahon, 31, from Carrickmacross, Co Monaghan in the Irish Republic, was found guilty at the Special Criminal Court in Dublin of the murder of Earl Mountbatten of Burma at Mullaghmore, Co Sligo on August 27, 1979. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Francis McGirl, 24, from Ballinmore, Co Antrim, who

was jointly charged with McMahon, was acquitted.

Two men were killed when part of the 180-year-old canal tunnel at Kings Norton, Birmingham, on which they were working collapsed. Five men managed to escape and three others were rescued.

Saturday, November 24

The wreckage of an RAF Jaguar strike aircraft was found on a peak near Loch Lomond in Scotland. It was the fourth Jaguar to be lost in crashes in 1979.

At least 45 people were reported killed and more than 600 injured when an earthquake hit northern Colombia.

The New Zealand All Blacks beat England by 10 points to 9 at Twickenham.

Sunday, November 25

Dr Kurt Waldheim, Secretary-General of the United Nations, summoned an emergency meeting of the Security Council to discuss the crisis between the United States and Iran. The debate was postponed until December 1 to allow Iran's foreign minister, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, time to reach New York to present the Iranian case for the extradition of the Shah, but on November 28 Mr Bani-Sadr was replaced as foreign minister by Sadeq Qotbzadeh and at the same time the Ayatollah Khomeini denounced the Security Council session on the grounds that the US would have rigged the debate. On November 29 it was announced that representatives from Iran would not attend the meeting.

Monday, November 26

Over 20 bombs were exploded by the Provisional IRA in four counties of Northern Ireland, injuring 13 people. Targets included trains, hotels and shops.

The Prime Minister announced the resumption of honours for party political services.

A counter-demonstration by junior doctors and nurses at Charing Cross Hospital in London persuaded pickets to allow vital supplies of oil to be delivered. An unofficial dispute by engineers following the sacking of two of their colleagues had threatened to close the whole hospital. The men agreed to return to work on December 3.

China was readmitted to the Olympic Games after 21 years. The voting was 62 in favour and 17 against. The readmission became possible when China dropped its insistence that Taiwan should be excluded.

All 156 people on board a Pakistan International Airlines Boeing 707 were killed when the aircraft exploded in midair and crashed into mountainous country 65 miles from Jiddah.

Dr Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark for 21 years, announced he would retire in October, 1980.

Wednesday, November 28

All 257 passengers and crew on board an Air New Zealand DC 10 were killed when the aircraft, on a sightseeing flight to Antarctica, crashed into Mount Erebus, an active volcano on Ross Island. The cause of the crash was thought to be pilot error.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced the re-establishment of the National Economic Development Council.

A report from the government-appointed committee on obscenity and film censorship, which was chaired by Professor Bernard Williams, recommended that the written word should not be subject to the obscenity laws and that pornographic material should only be available in strictly controlled circumstances.

Pope John Paul II arrived in Turkey for a three-day visit.

Thursday, November 29

EEC leaders gathered in Dublin for a three-day summit meeting, at the end of which they rejected Margaret Thatcher's demand for a substantial reduction—at least £1,000 million—in Britain's contribution to the Community budget. They did however agree to discuss the matter again at the next EEC summit meeting in February.

Mexico refused to issue a new visa to the deposed Shah of Iran, thus preventing him from returning to his temporary refuge from New York where he had undergone treatment in hospital for his gall bladder and for cancer.

The British Steel Corporation announced losses in the first half year of £145.6 million.

Friday, November 30

Miners voted in a secret ballot against the recommendation of the National Union of Min-

ers' executive to reject the National Coal Board's 20 per cent pay offer. 51.25 per cent accepted the offer which would give face workers a minimum wage of £101.95 a week.

The Liverpool factory that manufactured Meccano sets and Dinky toys was closed with the loss of 1,000 jobs.

Joyce Grenfell, the writer and entertainer, died of cancer at her home in London. She was 69.

Saturday, December 1

Two men, believed to be members of the Ulster Defence Association in Northern Ireland, were charged in Dublin with conspiring to kill Francis McGirl who had on November 23 been cleared of charges concerning the murder of Lord Mountbatten.

Sunday, December 2

The United States embassy in the Libyan capital of Tripoli was set on fire and badly damaged by a mob of at least 2,000 anti-American demonstrators. The 14 staff at the embassy managed to escape. The attack was in protest at the refusal of the US to extradite the former Shah of Iran who was flown on the same day from hospital in New York to convalesce in a US Air Force base near San Antonio in Texas.

The two-day referendum in Iran gave overwhelming support to the new constitution which would give Ayatollah Khomeini complete power in the country. The Kurdish and Baluchi regions of the country however boycotted the polls.

Portugal's general election gave power to the Democratic Alliance which comprised the popular Social Democratic Party, the Centre Democrats and the Popular Monarchs.

Monday, December 3

A Belfast prison officer was shot dead by the Provisional IRA as he returned to his home from the Crumlin Road jail. On the same day the illegal Ulster freedom fighters claimed responsibility for the killing of a Belfast market stallholder whom they accused of being a member of the IRA.

Three London casinos operated by the Ladbrooke Group—the Ladbrooke Club, the Hertford Club and the Park Lane Casino—were closed for gaming following the rejection of an appeal against the loss of their licences.

Eleven people were trampled to death by fans attempting to get in to see the British pop group The Who at the Cincinnati Riverside Coliseum in Ohio.

Thursday, December 4

17 Conservative MPs abstained in a vote on the Government's Immigration White Paper. Cyril Townsend, MP for Bexley, resigned as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Reg Prentice, Minister for Social Security, as he believed the proposed legislation to be sexist and racist.

Diplomatic status to the Apostolic Delegate to the UK, the Pope's official representative in London, was granted by the Government.

President Carter of the United States announced his intention to stand for re-election in November.

Kim Jae Kyu, former head of South Korea's Central Intelligence Agency, and seven colleagues appeared at a military court in Seoul charged with killing the country's former President Park Chung Hee. The trial was suspended after the defence claimed civilians could not be tried by a military court.

The UN Security Council called for the immediate release of the American hostages in Teheran.

Wednesday, December 5

A ceasefire in Zimbabwe Rhodesia was agreed at the constitutional conference at Lancaster House. The Patriotic Front eventually agreed to the plan based on proposals put forward by Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, following the mediation of Shridath Ramphal, Secretary General of the Commonwealth.

Jack Lynch, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic and leader of the Fianna Fail Party for 13 years, resigned from office.

Thursday, December 6

The Peking City Government abolished "Democracy Wall" in the centre of Peking and ruled that only carefully screened posters could be put up in Moon Altar Park. The move brought to an end nearly 12 months of virtually free speech in the Chinese capital.

Lord Soames, Lord President of the Council, announced plans to cut Civil Service manpower by 40,000 over the next three years.



Tanker disaster: The Rumanian tanker *Independenta*, carrying 95,000 tons of crude oil, exploded outside Istanbul harbour after having been rammed by the Greek freighter *Errialy*. Of the tanker's crew of 45 three were rescued, 14 corpses

were found and the rest were presumed dead. Fire followed three explosions and an oil slick spread 3 or 4 miles into the Sea of Marmara. There were no casualties on the freighter, which also caught fire and had to be towed to safety.

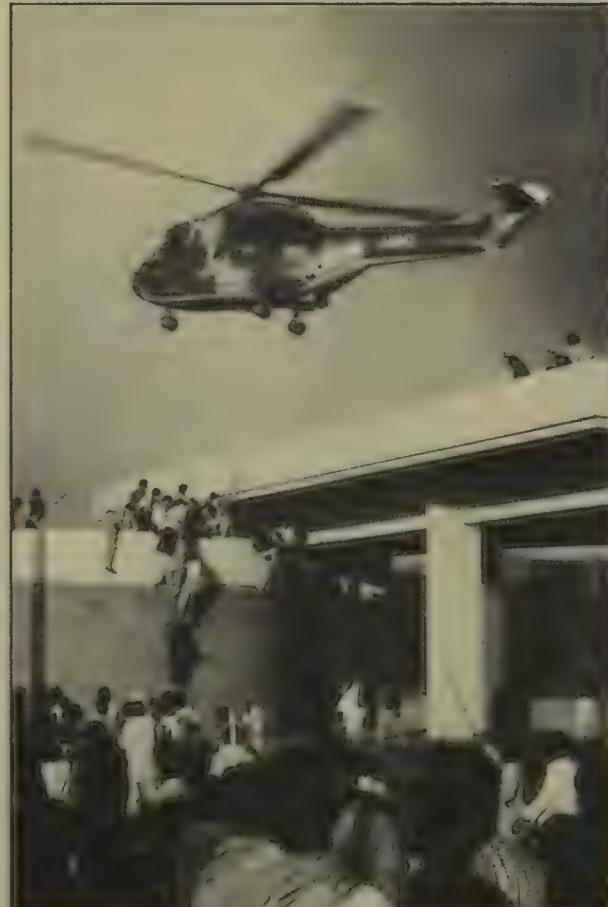


Antarctic crash: All 257 passengers and crew on an Air New Zealand DC 10 were killed when the aircraft, which was on a sightseeing flight to Antarctica, crashed on the slopes of Mount Erebus, an active volcano on Ross Island. Ice and searing winds impeded investigation and the recovery of bodies.

Dublin summit: Britain's Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, addressing President Giscard d'Estaing amid the EEC leaders in Dublin, left, failed in her mission to get a £1,000 million reduction in Britain's contribution to the Community budget. A £350 million reduction for 1980-81 was offered and rejected. The matter will be reopened at the next EEC summit in February.



US Embassies under siege: As the Iranian students' occupation of the American Embassy in Teheran continued into December, their 49 remaining hostages still bound and gagged and threatened with trial for alleged spying (a further 13 of them, five women and eight blacks, were released), the Ayatollah Khomeini persisted in whipping up anti-US feeling in the Islamic world. When armed religious fanatics attacked the Grand Mosque at Mecca, Khomeini suggested that the Americans were involved and this was enough to cause an outraged mob to storm the US Embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, killing two Americans and terrifying staff who hid in a basement vault while the building burnt. The crisis confronted Jimmy Carter, who on December 4 announced he was to seek re-election, with the most severe test of his presidency as he warned Iran of possible military retribution while at the same time pursuing a peaceful solution. Khomeini resisted all appeals to release the hostages, including one from the United Nations Security Council demanding the return of the former Shah of Iran who emerged from his New York hospital only to be refused re-entry to Mexico. He was then flown to Texas to recuperate while another refuge was found. President Sadat of Egypt offered him asylum.



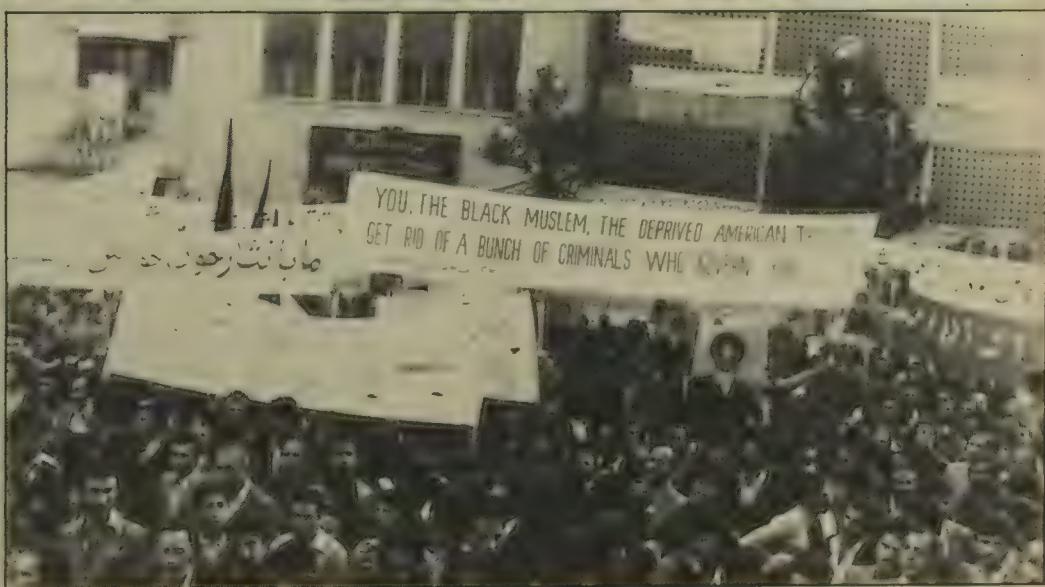
A rampaging crowd of 20,000 Muslims besieged and set on fire the US Embassy and cultural centre in Islamabad, top and above. A Pakistani helicopter appeared after the siege had lasted seven hours to help the staff escape.



General Zia al-Haq, Pakistan's President, apologized to the US after inspecting the damage in Islamabad.



Pakistani soldiers guard what remains of the American Embassy, centre, and consulate, above.



Day after day huge crowds surrounded the US Embassy in Teheran shouting anti US slogans, burning the American flag, and threatening to lynch the hostages unless the Shah was returned to face Islamic justice.



Bare facts of London's plane trees: Those who have noticed London's plane trees with their stripped bark, looking like ivory in the winter sunshine, may have tempered their admiration with some alarm. But such shedding is a sign of health. Unlike some other trees, whose bark "stretches" to accommodate growth, the London plane, *Platanus hybrida*, loses its bark annually—this is one of the

features that makes the tree so attractive, for trunk and branches can never bear more than a year's accretion of city dirt. The 1979 season, which included a late, wet spring and a mild, moist summer, was particularly good for vegetable growth, and the plane trees have, as it were, burst out of their bark with sheer health, rather as children grow out of their clothes after a good summer holiday.

Up-dating Nato's defences

by Julian Critchley

Defence on the cheap has been, until very recently, the inglorious basis of British policy, ever since the Defence White Paper of 1957 announced that American strategic nuclear power was the only effective guardian of European security. It would suffice for Britain to retain, as a matter of prestige, its own small nuclear deterrent and help to maintain in Germany a "trip-wire" of conventional forces. Though there has been a move in the other direction in the last few years, the idea of a progressive reduction of expenditure on the armed forces has become part of the credo of the Labour Left.

The first necessity of defence in the 1980s is to break away from this negative policy. America no longer has the nuclear predominance which it enjoyed when the Atlantic Alliance was formed. Equivalence in the number of inter-continental ballistic missiles is indeed enshrined in the Salt II Treaty between the US and the USSR, but the Soviet missiles are designed primarily to destroy the American Minuteman missiles in their fixed sites, while the American ICBMs are designed for the destruction of cities. It would be a moral impossibility for an American president to order them to be launched except in retaliation for a devastating first strike. That is not to say that the threat of nuclear retaliation is not the ultimate sanction. But we must realize that the nuclear arm, with the possible exception of the defensive use of tactical nuclear weapons, is essentially retaliatory, not preventive, a characteristic equally true of the Pershing 2s and Cruise missiles which it is proposed to deploy in the European theatre. So it remains the basic task of Nato to resist a mass attack of enemy armour supported by tactical aircraft and to protect against submarine and surface attack both the transatlantic shipping essential to the Allies' reinforcement and the lines of communication essential to their supplies of energy. Our annual arms budgets must obviously rise by more than the 3 per cent in real terms agreed in 1978.

The Warsaw Pact enjoys numerical superiority in all spheres except the naval. It has in Central Europe 20,500 battle tanks against Nato's 7,000, and 4,200 fighters and light bombers against Nato's 3,500. Satellite communications, guided missiles and all the refinements of computers and electronic warfare must be taken into account; in these fields, as in the training and quality of airmen, Nato still has a certain advantage. The Pact's artillery outnumbers Nato's by three to one. In armour, the American XM1 tank and the Leopard II are a match for the Soviet T72. So should be the Shir Iran tanks, retrieved from the Shah's original order and reinforced with Chob-

ham armour, when they partially replace the Chieftains in BAOR in four years' time. Britain should take part, with France, in the design and manufacture of the German-built Leopard III as the tank for the 1980s. We must, with our allies, face up to the task of updating during the next decade all the essential implements of war, and it is vital to equip our troops for chemical warfare since that is a feature of the Soviet armoury.

Nato's defence planning is essentially a response to the strategy of the USSR which directs the whole of the Communist bloc of states and most of the parties. It is important to understand that strategy. Its object, to which the traditional Soviet urge for expansion contributes, is to achieve the world revolution of which capitalism is the universal enemy. Military preparations for the eventual show-down continue, acquiring their own momentum, but victory without war is preferred. Consequently the widespread popular aspirations for peace are exploited by the "Policy of Peaceful Co-existence". Détente, the ambiguous formula of which the North Atlantic Council made a present to the Soviets, fits conveniently into this strategy. It has, in fact, proved to be the most effective psychological weapon against the West, for it offers the ill-informed, wishful-thinking elements in each country the justification for the constant cutting of expenditure on national defence. Mr Brezhnev's proposal to withdraw a certain number of troops, tanks and missiles from East Germany, provided that no new nuclear defences for Europe are created, is a striking example of this propaganda.

It is politic for Nato to propose, as I think it will do, a mutual limitation of nuclear weapons in Europe on a basis of equality, as it has long done (without success) for the number of troops, and as the USA has attempted in its bargain with the USSR on strategic missiles. But we must free ourselves from the miasma of tendentious slogans which arise from the quite false assumption that the Soviets' aims mirror the objectives of the Western world. Soviet military doctrine is based on the conviction that a nuclear war can be won and the extensive civil defence in the USSR is evidence of this. Their order of battle is fundamentally offensive, and provides for the use of every and any weapon to bring victory. It is disingenuous to explain away the military threat which called the Atlantic defensive coalition into being and makes it more than ever necessary. The 1980s will be a decade of increasing international tension, and a mounting risk of war.



Progress on Humber side: A road section is moved into place on the world's longest single-span suspension bridge, that over the Humber estuary. Its main span is 4,626 feet and the whole bridge, which will link Hessle on the north bank with Barton-upon-Humber on the south, measures 1.37 miles. Work began on the bridge in July, 1972, and it is hoped to open it in October this year.



Big scores in Brisbane Test: A magnificent 140 by the injured Viv Richards above, helped the West Indies to a first innings lead of 173 in the first Test match at Brisbane, but Australian captain Greg Chappell followed his 74 in the first innings with 124 in the second and together with Kim Hughes, who made 130, helped his team to a second innings total of 448 for 6 and a safe draw.

Julian Critchley is Conservative MP for Aldershot, and a vice-chairman of his party's defence committee.

Lessons from the age of Elizabeth

"A nation," wrote that wise and understanding American interpreter of our history, Wallace Notestein, "is as great as its capacity to interpret its annals and give them significance." A historian's work is to try to help it do so. It happens that during the past year I have been trying to fill a gap in my own knowledge of our past in order to complete a long-projected history of England, drawn and distilled from the various books I have written in the course of my lifetime. For, though these have covered, in one form or another, every period in our history except one—the Tudor and Elizabethan age—that one, I have since come to realize, was the most important of all and the key to so much that has come after. For during that period we as a people underwent, first, a profound, divisive and destructive revolution and then, under a great Queen and leader, found a new role in the world and the confidence and means to fill it.

So to complete my history, I have had to go back to school to discover for myself what makes the reign of Elizabeth I so relevant to any understanding of our past and, with it, our present. I have been fortunate in having as teachers the works of two of the greatest historians this country has ever produced, A. L. Rowse and my old friend, the late Sir John Neale. And it has also been of some help to me that my task of writing an account of the first Elizabeth's reign, and particularly of its early years in which so much of that great Queen's work for her country and posterity was done, should have coincided with the emergence from a general election of a political leader dedicated to the daunting task of restoring our country to its former success and reputation, and, in particular, to the vigour, independence and initiative which in the past have distinguished its people. For it is no exaggeration to say that, grave as is the state of our country today, it was even more desperate when Elizabeth I came to the throne. Her success and achievement therefore afford something of a touchstone by which to measure the task facing Margaret Thatcher.

At the start of a new year, it may not, therefore, seem wholly irrelevant for a historian to recall some of the problems which faced the first Elizabeth at the start of her long, creative and germinative reign and the means by which she solved them. At the time of her accession the country was bitterly divided by the religious changes of the past revolutionary quarter of a century.

To re-unite her people behind a religious belief and practice to which their character, temperament and experience could incline them to conform and so enable them to present a united front to the external perils confronting them, this wise, temporizing and clement, but firm and far-seeing young ruler opted

for a moderate Protestant episcopacy with an English liturgy and a seemly ritual, not too novel or difficult for those who had grown up under the old medieval Catholicism. It was not a solution which either of the furiously contending religious parties would have chosen, but it was, as Elizabeth saw, the only one which it would be possible for both traditionalists and reformers to accept at all. She chose a clear, simple, middle way, natural for moderate and sensible men to follow and therefore characteristically English.

In her Act of Uniformity and in the Thirty-nine Articles which laid down guidelines for the Anglican Church there was no abuse of Pope or Rome, while the words of the gentle, martyred Cranmer's restored Communion Service left communicants free, in their own minds, to accept or reject as they pleased the old Catholic dogma of the transubstantiation of the bread and wine of the Eucharist into the Real Presence of Christ's body and blood. Elizabeth's pragmatic attitude towards the furious controversies which raged round this beautiful but unprovable conception was expressed in some lines attributed to her:

"'Twas Christ the word that spake it.
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the word did make it
That I believe and take it."

In a universally intolerant age this broad-minded and merciful young Queen set a rare example of moderation and good sense, insisting only—though in no uncertain terms—on total loyalty to the Crown and the ideal of national unity which, by the love she gave to and evoked from her people, she strove all her life to foster.

The speed and magnanimity of Elizabeth's comprehensive ecclesiastical settlement gave the country the unity essential to preserve it from external perils. Facing England across the

Channel and Biscay Bay, with their orthodox rulers urged by the Roman Church to redeem, by force if necessary, a little lapsed island kingdom from heresy, were the vast global empire of Spain, with its invincible armies, the fabulous mineral wealth of Mexico and Peru, and its stronghold on the Netherlands—the traditional market for English cloth—and England's traditional enemy, France, with four times her population, now joined with Scotland under a single crown. For, with a French princess ruling Scotland as Regent, the young Queen of Scots married to the French king and French troops garrisoning its capital and castles, it looked as though Scotland might become a French province.

Then a sudden rising of Scottish Protestants against their Catholic and now half-alien crown, and a despairing appeal to England to aid them, gave Elizabeth an opportunity to intervene and expel the French garrison. With her treasury empty and her army negligible, the risks in doing so were enormous. But she took her courage in both hands and, sending a fleet in the depths of winter to blockade the Forth and the French garrisons, starved the latter out of Scotland. It was a near-run thing and right up to the end it was doubtful whether the French would give in and leave Scotland free and Protestant. But the success of Elizabeth's brave gamble changed the course of history. It was a first and, as it proved, decisive step in the creation of a new political entity in the world, Great Britain.

To finance her intervention to save the Scottish Reformation and enable the country to buy from abroad the arms and munitions it so desperately needed, Elizabeth and her Council had had to overcome the disabilities of a staggering burden of debt incurred by her predecessors, a virtually bankrupt Treasury and a debased currency. To

restore public confidence in the medium of exchange and halt inflation, they called down the value of all the base money minted in the previous 15 years and issued in its place a new silver currency. In both operations Elizabeth was aided by the genius of the Crown's financial agent, Sir Thomas Gresham, a man of infinite resource after her own heart. "The exchange," he wrote to her, "is the thing that eats out all princes to the whole destruction of their common weal, if it be not substantially looked into."

That the Crown should raise money at low interest rates and leave others to borrow at high was the essence of Gresham's financial philosophy. By foresight, meticulous attention to detail and unfailing punctuality in meeting the Crown's obligations, with the Queen's backing, he brought down the rates of interest at which English governments had been forced to borrow, from 13 to 14 per cent to half, and less than half, that rate, while other European rulers, with far larger resources, through procrastination in repaying their vast outstanding debts, were forced to go on borrowing at such ruinous, and ever higher rates. "It will not be a little spoken of through all the world," Gresham boasted, "that her Majesty in her wars doth make payment of her debts, when neither King Philip, the French King, nor the King of Portugal, in peacetime payeth anything. Whereby," he claimed, "all other princes may see what a Prince of power she is."

Margaret Thatcher's task today, as I see it, depends, like Elizabeth's, on her success or failure in achieving three things. To restore, little by little, ideological, racial and social unity to the country and, I believe, too, to the Commonwealth which has grown out of its history. To save it, by timely and essential rearmament and by a wise and pacifying diplomacy, from the appalling dangers facing our liberties and our very existence. And, while correcting the inflationary malaise inherited from her predecessors, to make it profitable and possible for the individual—every individual—to create and enjoy real wealth, as distinct from fluctuating money symbols. And to do so, by an active, original and, where necessary, unorthodox control of the money supply, not only as at present by its withdrawal from circulation by taxation and high interest rates but also by its corollary, the issue, when needed—for the direct creation of essential public wealth by Government for its own use—of low-interest, or even debt-free money. That this has never yet been done is no reason for not doing it if it would lead to the creation of real wealth for the community without inflation. For it was a characteristic of Elizabeth, the most financially prudent of monarchs, to do essential things which had never been done before.

100 years ago



The *ILN* of January 10, 1880, showed divers looking for victims of the Tay Bridge disaster. On December 28, 1879, the bridge, opened only the previous summer, collapsed during a gale carrying a train which was passing over it with some 90 passengers into the estuary below. All on the train died.

1981

1983

1985

1987

1989

INTO THE 80s

Entry into the 1980s presents an opportunity to look ahead. The seventies, as we recalled last month, are not likely to be remembered with much pleasure by those who lived through them. Will the next decade be better? We invited ten contributors to look at the prospects in their own fields of interest.

Photographs by Tim Graham.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD



by Edward Heath

Today we live in a confused, uncertain and dangerous world, more so than at any time since the end of the Second World War. In the decade that is past many of the international codes of practice which underpinned our prosperity for 30 years have broken down. The security and prosperity of the West have been endangered by growing instability in developing countries, whose oil and other raw materials we need. The Soviet Union's massive military build-up has enabled it to encourage this instability and expand its own influence throughout the world. The uncertainty which these developments have caused has been aggravated by the ability of Opec to control the supply and price of oil. Yet it remains in our power to resist and reverse this trend.

The creation of a more ordered world demands close co-operation between Europe, Japan and the United States—the US no longer has either the will or the ability to do it single-handed. This makes it more urgent for the EEC to develop a common foreign policy which must be based on its enormous importance as a trading group with a production almost equal to that of the US. We must use this strength to

promote stability in countries in which we have major interests and where a vacuum now exists by helping to advance their economic development in accordance with the capabilities and aspirations of their people. It can be done by diplomatic efforts aimed at eliminating hostilities within these countries or between them and their neighbours. And it can be done by discreet but firm support for those régimes and policies which are most likely to achieve long-term stability. Similar responsibilities will fall increasingly on Japan in the Pacific where she is strongly placed geographically and economically to promote these objectives.

Neither the EEC nor Japan should contemplate using military power to achieve their foreign-policy objectives. But we must strongly back the efforts of the United States to ensure that her military capability, nuclear and conventional, remains on a par with that of the Soviet Union, otherwise we will become increasingly unable to deter the Soviet Union from exploiting regional instability in order to undermine the interests of the West and our efforts to promote long-term stability in these areas.

These efforts will be most successful if we make them discreetly and if we avoid imposing our values, economic

or political, on other countries. One of the most important lessons for the eighties, which the revolution in Iran has confirmed, is that the whole world does not necessarily wish to copy our standards of living or our social and political institutions. In the Muslim world, for example, millions of people want to return to a simpler and, as we would see it, harsher and more authoritarian way of life. This we must respect if we are not to incur their hostility.

Stretching from Nigeria to the Philippines, the Muslim world contains some 600 million people. Today it produces some 80 per cent of the oil supplies of the West, conferring on it a formidable degree of power should it choose to use it. We saw in the autumn of 1973, and again in 1979 when oil prices rose by nearly 70 per cent, how effective such power can be. The West can only curb its use if it takes urgent concerted action on three main fronts.

First, an acceptable solution to the problem of the Palestinians must be found. As long as this issue remains unresolved, Saudi Arabia and other moderate Arab governments will find it increasingly difficult to resist the demands for higher oil prices from their more radical neighbours.

Second, the West as a whole needs a common energy policy to enable it to reduce its perilous dependence on imported oil. An effective EEC energy policy, which sadly we still lack, would form an essential part of this. By co-operating in this way each country could reduce its dependence on oil very much more rapidly and at less social and economic cost to its people.

Third, an effective common energy policy in the West will make the Opec countries rather more willing to reach agreement with us about the future

supply and price of oil. If any degree of stability is to be restored to world economic affairs, such an agreement is badly needed. At the same time we must recognize that in such a negotiation the Opec countries will not only be concerned with their own affairs but with those of the developing countries as a whole. They will therefore want the industrialized north to be prepared to be more forthcoming in meeting the needs of the developing south over a wide range of subjects, such as indebtedness, various forms of aid and access for industrial goods.

The most imaginative attempt at reconstruction is required to deal with the world economic crisis. Put as starkly and as clearly as possible the position is this. The industrialized world today has vast unused capacity, probably capable of producing \$250 billion worth of goods a year. In addition it has 18 million unemployed skilled and unskilled workers. The developing world is crying out for the capital goods which we have both the capacity and the manpower to produce. Why do these two factors not form an equation?

One of the reasons is that the developing countries require the finance to enable them to use the capacity of the developed countries. Surely it is not beyond the wit of man to match these two massive demands? After the Second World War the United States and Europe met each other's needs in the Marshall Plan. What is required today is that on an even larger scale the developed and developing countries should be enabled to satisfy each other's requirements. That is the real challenge of the eighties.

Edward Heath is Conservative MP for Bexley, Sidcup.

THE OUTLOOK FOR EUROPE



by Willy Brandt

I want to pose two preliminary questions. First, who would dare to state with certainty that the current peace will remain intact, or that it will be possible to avoid fluctuations of the barometer in a new type of cold war? Prevailing conditions in world politics suggest caution. Nevertheless, I propose as a working hypothesis that new oppor-

tunities for co-operation will arise in the East-West relationship in the eighties, and that it will be necessary to make better use of them than was done, or could be done, in the mid seventies.

My second question is: Who can predict accurately how much the energy crisis will rock the economies of Europe? I believe that we are going to see a period of deep upheaval. The crisis will apply to our Eastern

neighbours also, that is the states between Germany and Russia; but most affected of all will be the West, for we do not reach common solutions quickly enough.

But nevertheless I start from the assumption that the European Community will survive. It will expand and develop further. It will even survive a (temporary?) British withdrawal—an event which I do not consider very likely. Political unity will continue to be inadequate. Economic integration will fall short of the goals the Community has set itself. West-West and East-West relations will probably have to be reviewed several times. But I repeat: the European Community will survive; it will be shaken by crises (not only by the energy crisis), but it will develop.

Whatever the form taken by the United States of Europe, it will not be a carbon copy of the USA. But a common roof may still develop under which there is room for the "fatherlands" with their own specific aims and values. Contradictory trends will become apparent in the eighties (and nineties): Europe's influence, especially its economic influence, will decrease world-wide; its responsibilities in the world political scene will increase, at least in the short term.

I am thinking not only of the responsibility to work towards a peace, reaching beyond present alliance commitments, but above all of the specific contributions towards overcoming the North-South conflicts which Europe could make and will be able to make.

The contradiction within the apparent trends of development will find further expression in the European-American relationship. Although I can no longer rule out the possibility that a separation of American security interests from those of Europe may find acceptance, the reasons are to be found more on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. However, there is a greater likelihood of the Atlantic Alliance—with the North American strategic potential—retaining its position of prime importance. At the same time the tendency towards European independence will increase, maybe accelerated by periods of weakness in the American leadership. (In the East-European area of the Warsaw Pact different changes are taking place, but we have experienced clear examples of the fact that, even under Communist power, it is difficult to contain specific national and group interests all the time.)

When talking about future security Europeans will be forced to articulate their own points of view. In doing so they will be well advised, in their efforts to safeguard peace, to extricate themselves from a narrow military view of problems and pay greater attention to the political elements. A balance of power remains a necessary prerequisite, as détente would otherwise be impossible to achieve or revive. The control and reduction of armaments must be tackled in the eighties (and nineties), because otherwise mankind might literally arm itself to death. The relationship

with the Third World is becoming a new dimension of peace policy.

This becomes most apparent when we think of how overdue peace is for the Near East, and of other problems connected with the Mediterranean area. More is expected from the Europeans, and they cannot pretend much longer to be only faintly interested in extremely dangerous events taking place right at their doorstep. Certainly Western Europe must be careful not to take on too much, but, as the biggest partner in world trade, neither must it act as if it saw itself in the role of a political dwarf.

If Europe makes good use of the eighties, it can derive great opportunities from co-operation with the (mutually) dependent African continent. This applies in quite a different way to Latin America and the Caribbean, where the main problem is no longer combatting mass starvation, and to whom new bridges have been built through the democratization of Southern Europe. Asia is a much wider area, and a simple formula will do it even less justice. But I assume that India and China will, in very different ways, develop into even more important partners in world affairs: here I think a warning note must be sounded against these countries becoming a pawn between the Republic of China and the Soviet Union.

What else? I should not be surprised if Turkey—because of an imminent re-Islamization among other things—moved a little farther away from Europe. Yugoslavia stands a good chance of surviving intact the period after Tito, which may begin in the eighties, especially if no unnecessary changes of political status take place elsewhere in the area of the Mediterranean. For the rest, I hardly expect any revolutionary changes, but I do predict considerable shifts of international political emphasis: the responsibility of leadership for the socialists in Spain and perhaps elsewhere in Southern Europe; in other places, although not for many years, we may see a shift of conservative forces more towards the right—for example the maturing of the greater part of the Italian communists, so that they may be added to the camp of democratic socialism—and new party-political constellations, for example in France—perhaps even in Great Britain?

Suspicious readers may ask why I withhold from them my assessment of trends in Germany. Well, I think the Federal Republic will maintain its position relatively well. The so-called re-unification will not be a question of current interest, which to some readers will be more reassuring than it can be pleasing to the writer of these lines. On the whole there cannot be any isolated answers to the German questions; they are inseparably connected with the outcome of the over-all East-West relationship and how this will be reflected in Europe.

Willy Brandt is chairman of West Germany's Social Democratic Party.

POLITICS IN THE 80s



by Jo Grimond

I distinguish between what I think is likely to happen to Britain in the next ten years and what I would like to happen. That I take a pessimistic view of what is likely to happen does not mean that I shall cease to struggle for what I believe in.

It is likely that Britain will slide towards the condition of Spain or Austria in the latter part of the last century. She will be on the way to government by a mild dictatorship. Her main industries will be third-rate; her standard of living low; her influence slight. Life may remain pleasant while some branches of art and learning may flourish, as they did in old Vienna. Economic decline may be postponed by North Sea oil (though I suspect that when the oil runs out it will be all the worse for the delay). The decline may be more unpleasant and lead to a more brutal suppression of freedom than I envisage because of our dependence on huge, inefficient industries, the growth of bureaucratic attitudes, and the need to support a large population on a small agricultural base.

What I hope for are changed attitudes. I do not believe the reform of our system or institutions, though necessary, will now be enough.

To change attitudes we need a restatement of old philosophies, for no philosophy can be completely new. Such a restatement must give us an aim and a method. Western Europe has had the philosophy of the Christian churches, the 18th-century enlightenment and the socialist philosophies of recent times. As far as Britain is concerned much of the content has drained out of all these, leaving shells behind. The result is that we have little morality, we acquiesce in the selfish struggle for more cash between organizations, and we have largely succumbed to bureaucracies.

Such a new philosophy must be based on the main European tradition of Christianity and the morality of the 18th and 19th centuries which stressed that all values pertain to individuals and depend on individual responsibility.

The next step in changing attitudes must be to change what is taught to children at home and in school. The nature and importance of morality must be emphasized. The heresy that education should be devoted to getting as much as possible for teachers and their charges must be suppressed.

The new attitudes must infiltrate broadcasting and the newspapers. At present what makes the country difficult to govern is the presentation of politics by the newspapers and news bulletins. Every attempt to slow down the growth of useless state activities and eliminate not only waste but activities which are actually harmful is greeted by headlines announcing "savage cuts" as though such glimmerings of reason were calamities. On the other hand, every disastrous settlement of a strike by a further twist to inflation is heralded with cries of joy.

Above all, the philosophy must be positive. At present liberals (with a small "l") are on the defensive. They imply too often that we can go back to high state spending and endless social services as soon as our wealth permits. They administer the "cuts" (usually a small slowing down in increases) with regret. They should be teaching that much state activity is valueless or harmful, that we aim at a society where the mentally and physically fit can make their own choices and develop their own talents.

Such changed attitudes should lead to a change in our institutions. Having largely destroyed towns, villages and rural communities we have put nothing in their place except organizations each dedicated to their own aggrandizement. But individuals require institutions of which they can be proud if they are to reach their full potential, stretch their talents and pursue valuable lives.

In politics we need to reinstate the local community where possible. We need to entrust such communities with all the powers they can discharge. This must lead to a diminution of central government. In Parliament both chambers should be elected, the second by proportional representation.

In economic organization we should

divide the huge state monopolies and encourage industrial co-operatives. It should be emphasized that this will not only improve efficiency but promote the philosophy and values which I have mentioned by giving the individual increased opportunities, responsibilities and a direct interest in service to the community. It would also provide institutions to which workers could subscribe their loyalty. Our society is deeply wounded by the conflict within industry, while Japan gains much of its strength from the attachment of managers and men to the firms in which they work. We must also tailor our system to suit women.

Why do I think that a sufficiently radical change of attitude will not occur? There are rebels against state capitalism and Fascism. But I doubt if they will prove strong enough to shift the ingrained selfishness which calls on the state to do more and more while being less and less inclined to contribute to the common welfare. I hope I am wrong; but I see the present Government failing at the next general election, to be followed by even wilder inflation, even higher unemployment—the classic recipe for dictatorship.

Jo Grimond is Liberal MP for Orkney and Shetland.

THE ECONOMIC PROSPECTS

by Andrew Knight

Do crystal balls tell what one wants to see in them or what will actually happen? The 1980s will resolve, for good or ill, the unexpected question-marks hung over our world's prosperity during the unlamented 1970s.

The first year of the decade—1980 itself—will see an inflationary recession in the United States and Canada (27 per cent of world economic production), in Japan (8½ per cent), in Britain and, indeed, in all western Europe (27 per cent) bar West Germany. This grim child of a year will resemble closely its 1970s parents.

The family birthmarks are: double-digit inflation caused not only (remember) by politically administered oil prices but by failing productivity in America and the world's other leading economies; failed or faltering growth in the world's advanced economies; a gap between the rich parts of the world and the poor kept from getting wider only, or mostly, by a great jump in private-bank credit from rich countries to poor; tracts of industry going bust as new countries and new forms of economic life satisfy consumer demand.

A child born thus disfigured is developing a suitably self-destructive range of nervous tics. Approached by teachers who would help it, it screams for trade protection. Asked to watch its diet, it gorges itself on wage rates it is not active enough to absorb. Given

monetary medicine, it threatens a social fit. Asked to watch the blackboard to learn how wealth is earned, it skips class in the adventure playground of social spending its 1970s parents forgot to pay for.

And yet, for all this, I am optimistic that ten years hence the world economy will have travelled at least some way towards putting itself to rights.

The voters of western democracies, some argue, have started voting for, even if they then do not relish taking, right-wing economic medicine. This is in fact only partly true. In Britain and Canada and France and Australia it is true. But it is not true, for instance, in America where President Carter was elected at the head of the traditionally more left-wing American party.

The significance of Carter's victory four years ago, of the fact that his chief challenger at present is a Democrat to his left, of socialist Kreisky's continued power in Austria and of socialist Helmut Schmidt's entry as favourite into his re-election campaign in West Germany during 1980, lies not in whether these are theoretically men of the left or men of the right. It lies in their economic policies. As Helmut Schmidt himself remarked to *The Economist* this autumn:

“My impression is that there is a swing towards opposition parties in countries where the economy has not been managed correctly ... In a country where people have had the feeling that

the economy was more or less managed correctly, then the previous government was re-elected [regardless of political colour].”

I would be surprised if the pure milk of Mrs Thatcher's monetarism is not a little sour by 1990. But during these next few years a change in most western government policies is going to take place in the Thatcher direction: impatience with public spending which there is no earned money to pay for; impatience with wage increases which ditto; an emphasis on wealth-creation rather than on wealth distribution. This shift may not last the whole of the 1980s. But it will last long enough for some good to be done on the way.

And the inflationary effect of oil prices? I do not expect the Opec oil ratchet to be relaxed very soon. Recession next year may moderate some increases in oil prices, but not for long. But I expect the high political price for oil to have two salutary effects. First I confidently expect most westerners, including most Americans, to be driving cars that will by 1990 be much more sensible consumers of energy than most cars are today.

Second the impact of high oil prices is going to have a dramatic effect on Russian foreign policy in the Middle East. Russia's hand there has long been reaching for the West's oil jugular. Now, however, it is increasingly in danger of strangling itself. Russia's own oil and gas supplies are not keeping up

with its appetite, and already fail to meet the needs of its empire in eastern Europe. Disruption in the Gulf will hurt the West, certainly, but it will threaten the communist East, too, and in such a way that the communist system itself will come under strain. To avoid that danger Russia will either require complete victory in the Middle East. Or, provided such a victory is denied to it by a more resolute America than Mr Carter's, Russia will by 1990 have started to seek a condominium in the Middle East in partnership with the West. The removal of superpower competition in the Middle East could begin, by the late 1980s, to undermine the hijacking mentality of its oil producers. Let us hope so.

The recovery of the western economies does not lie just, or even mainly, in the hands of Opec. Having ridden a quintupling of oil prices in the mid 1970s there is no reason why the world's economy need not survive the rather milder percentage increases in energy prices being inflicted on it today and in the early 1980s. Provided, that is, that it learns the lesson that inflation has to be licked, and sets about once again producing as much or more each year than it consumes. Rarely can it have had so good a chance to do so, with the microchip decade now upon it and after several years of low growth.

Andrew Knight is Editor of *The Economist*.

THE PROMISE OF SCIENCE



by Bernard Dixon

The greatest promise for science in the 1980s is not the prospect of radical breakthroughs in microelectronics (which is certain) or atomic physics (which is likely). The holy grail is to be found in the realm of brain science. The next decade may well see a quantum leap in our understanding of how the brain works. And that could throw light on one of man's abiding philosophical conundrums—the relationship between brain and mind.

The litre and a half of blancmange responsible for our consciousness, intellect and emotions has long frustrated scientists anxious to map the physical

foundations of mind. Specimens from at least three revered owners have been preserved—Charles Babbage's in London, Paul Broca's in Paris, Albert Einstein's in Kansas—in the hope that one day we shall learn what made these gentlemen so creative. We may never solve that puzzle. But several discoveries during the 1970s have heightened hopes for unprecedented progress in our knowledge of the living brain.

Only a few years ago biologists examining the nerve cells in the part of the brain responsible for vision, for example, could discern little to indicate their function. Today, we know that specific stimuli turn on specific groups of cells. Second,



researchers have found that learning (and forgetting) a response in very simple animals is related to identifiable changes in the transmission of signals between particular nerve cells. Third, a technique has just become available for studying which regions of the brain are particularly active at any one time. This hinges on the use of a "labelled" sugar whose presence can be detected from outside of the skull, allowing different parts of the brain to be mapped as they respond to different stimuli. All of this work suggests that we may soon understand much more clearly how messages are ferried around, selected and organized in the whole complex organ.

Another major breakthrough of the past decade was the discovery that the brain contains natural morphine-like chemicals capable of suppressing pain. The release of these substances could well be the basis of acupuncture therapy and indeed the placebo effect. Similar compounds could prove to be of value as drugs with applications as diverse as pain relief and the boosting of impaired sexual performance.

Two sorts of pressures determine the evolution of science: its internal momentum of logic and method, and external factors—social, economic and political. As with brain science, we can point confidently to potential developments in atomic physics by examining the former influences. Here recent disclosures suggest that we are nearing the goal sought but not attained by Einstein: a unified field theory. This all-embracing theory would account for gravity and electromagnetism, together with the less familiar weak and strong forces responsible for radioactive decay and for binding the atomic nucleus

together. A single, coherent account of them all would be as important as the theories of relativity or evolution.

Where prophecy becomes doubly difficult is in fields more vulnerable to external pressures. We seem close to having the knowledge required to clone a human being; but will we attempt it? We will shortly be able to pack a million components on to one silicon chip; but will we dare to use this astonishing computing power to try to make a genuinely intelligent robot?

Increasing pressure on energy and materials is not in dispute, and will certainly mould our applied science. Tokamak fusion reactors which we hope will lead to limitless, cheap and safe power—are due to be completed at Princeton and at Culham, Berkshire, in 1981 and 1982. They symbolize our growing preoccupation over the husbanding of terrestrial resources. At the other end of the scale, tiny bacteria will be employed more and more widely to extract metals from low-grade and inaccessible ores.

The decade will probably see a reassertion of the value of pure curiosity-oriented science. Neither Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin, nor Howard Florey, who developed it as a drug, were motivated by the promise of early practical rewards. Though the determinants of science funding today are those of a planet facing resource depletion and industrial recession, the paymasters in the 1980s will have to remember that the greatest intellectual and practical returns often come from "science for its own sake".

Dr Bernard Dixon is European Editor of *Omni*.

FARTHER INTO SPACE



by Patrick Moore

It is less than a quarter of a century ago that the Space Age began. It was ushered in on October 4, 1957, with the launch of Russia's football-sized Sputnik 1, which sped round the world sending back the "bleep! bleep!" signals which will never be forgotten by anyone who heard them (as I did). In 1961 Yuri Gagarin made his first trip into space; in 1962 the first successful planetary probe, Mariner 2, bypassed Venus and sent back information

which made us re-cast all our views about that decidedly peculiar planet; and in 1969 Neil Armstrong stepped out on to the surface of the Moon.

Since then, progress has been maintained. Massive space-stations have been put into orbit and have been extremely successful. Unmanned probes have been sent to all the planets out to, and including, Saturn. And yet popular interest has not been maintained at what may be called the "Apollo peak", and this is something to be reckoned with when looking ahead to the 1980s.

The reason is fairly clear-cut. Despite the scientific value of the unmanned probes, it is manned research which really takes hold of the public imagination. Now that Skylab has decayed, there is no American space-station in orbit, and some people tend to think that the overall effort has declined. This is emphatically not the case. The Americans are putting most of their efforts into one project: the Space Shuttle.

The Shuttle is the recoverable spaceship. It will be capable of being used time and time again, and it will act as a ferry between the Earth and the future orbital bases. Without it manned exploration in space would continue to be slow, risky and very expensive indeed. The Shuttle should eliminate the slowness and the expense to a large degree, and may even reduce the risk, though space-travel can never be anything other than hazardous. Therefore, everything hinges upon the success of the Shuttle, and its development cannot be hurried. There have been technical problems and also a cut-back in expenditure, so we must go on waiting.

As soon as the Shuttle is properly operational I expect to see the setting-up of new space-stations. They will be of immense scientific and practical use to all mankind. By 1990 there should be several permanently manned orbital bases to serve as laboratories, observatories, medical research centres and weather stations. Trips into space will no longer be confined to fully trained astronauts, though "holidays in space" lie a long way ahead yet!

So far as unmanned probes are concerned, we are in a position to make some reasonably confident predictions. At present the two Voyagers are *en route* for Saturn and will bypass the planet in 1980 and 1981 respectively. If all goes well, Voyager 2 will move on

to Uranus (January, 1986) and then to Neptune (1989 or 1990), though unfortunately the enigmatic Pluto is unsuitably placed and must be left for the moment. There is no reason to think that Voyager 2 will fail, and the results should give us a further major increase in our knowledge of the Solar System. Probes are also being planned for Jupiter and Mars; no doubt there will be a "Mars crawler", and possibly even an attempt to collect samples of Martian material. I also expect further unmanned expeditions to the inner planets, Venus and Mercury.

What about the Moon? It seems likely that astronauts will go back there towards the end of the 1980s or the early 1990s, preparatory to setting up a fully-fledged lunar base before the year 2000. When the next lunar trips will take place depends upon how well the research goes, and again we come back to the importance of the Shuttle.

So far I have been talking only about the Americans, but the Russians, too, are putting great energy into their space programmes. They have been concentrating on space-stations, with great success, and no doubt this will continue in the coming years. There is even a chance that they will begin exploration of the Moon. If so, then I believe that they will begin by sending supplies there by automatic vehicles and accumulate what will in effect be a supply dump, after which they will send up a major expedition at once rather than a series of "there and back" Apollo-type missions. In this I may be completely wrong; time will tell. It is always dangerous to make definite predictions, but of one thing I am certain, that as far as space is concerned, the 1980s will be exciting.

Patrick Moore is the *ILN*'s astronomy correspondent.

LIFE IN BRITAIN



by W. J. Weatherby

Our new crystal ball is the computer. You feed in facts about the present and, if the facts are complete, out comes our future. But what facts accurately picture Britain today? Get the selection wrong and the picture of the future will be wrong, too.

Three facts stand out. In order

of importance they are first, the extent to which the economy and people's illusions now depend on North Sea oil, as once they did on the empire; second, the greatly increased dependence on machines, from the television in the home to adding-machines, movie cameras, and any number of other aids in the classroom; and third, the escapist mood of the country generally, as if it is

not yet ready to face the future, perhaps because it has fed the wrong picture of the present into the computer and the outlook appears grimmer than it need be.

Even though the financial situation created by North Sea oil is murky to say the least—predictions veer from heady optimism to pragmatic caution—we do seem to have the chance at last of balancing our national budget. There may even be more oil in our future, perhaps on the mainland, but from what we know now we can buy a little time. It is therefore important that we do not waste it, as we have wasted other opportunities over the last 30 years, in a see-saw between opposing political/philosophical groups that seem to have in mind the *status quo* of a previous generation. We have had a few years at one extreme, then a few years at the other, when all the time a consistent plan with efficient management was needed—real management, not a bureaucracy or corporation that creates a top-heavy super-structure the country cannot afford.

The one fear I have for the future arises from the second fact, the dependence on machines. We know even from what happens when a human being becomes a motorist how dehumanizing a relationship with machines can be. It limits the individual's expression and makes group-thinking and label-identification (common labels include "black", "old", "homosexual") much easier, as does the growth of bureaucracy. Yet for Britain to balance its budget and survive the only way it can in the eighties—as a trading nation—all the energy and originality of individuals are needed.

Noting the obvious increase in intolerance, conformity and racism, those dreadful triplets which usually work together, one wonders sometimes if Britain has not already chosen the way that suppresses some of its best human resources. Bureaucracy—and frequently industry and trade unions which have become bureaucratic in their thinking—gets in the way of individual initiative instead of encouraging it. Over the next few years, up to and beyond 1984, much will depend on our ability to set back this trend, not with simplified political slogans that sometimes win elections but have little effect otherwise, but at all levels throughout the country—an individual effort on behalf of the individual. If people ultimately

get the leaders they deserve, then Britain has to become much more self-critical to get the leaders it needs.

But the third fact to be fed into the computer pictures a people permanently out to lunch, having a last fling before, if not the apocalypse, then another depression. But just as our present inflation feeds on itself, so depressions are partly caused by a lack of confidence. Too many Britons are moving into the eighties as if edging into a minefield, and that kind of attitude can only help to create what is most feared. Fear means caution, and that freezes the *status quo*. If not welcomed inevitable change is likely to be for the worse not the better.

I hope Britain will overcome this fear of the future expressed by its escapist binge, but this seems possible only through a greater reliance on the individual, not the machine or its *alter ego* the faceless group or bureaucracy. One knows the arguments in favour of group representation (even a writer has to have an agent, a journalist a union) but we need to remember whom the group represents, whether the group is a government, a conglomerate or a trade union. Can Britain do so much remembering in the eighties without becoming unbearably nostalgic for the days of empire glory, when the country was at the opposite extreme and a few individuals ran the show?

Perhaps to see the future clearly needs more facts than we have and the computer should be fed with people—the real images of the present, the real facts. We know so little about how the past 20 years have influenced the generation now middle-aged and coming into power. What can we expect of them? Even more important, what can we expect of their children, who grow up dependent on the machine and without ever having known any alternative? I wish we could feed into the computer a few youngish managers, trade union officials, teachers, not to mention an assortment of teenagers. But it is not possible. Computers find human inconsistencies hard to digest. That is one reason why I prefer the old-style crystal ball. It was perhaps not as accurate, but it was human. We have moved a long way, but the next ten years are likely to tell us if it is in the right direction.

W. J. Weatherby writes for *The Guardian*.

BAD TIMES FOR WOMEN

by Jill Tweedie

I predict that on or about January 1, 1980, feminism will hit a downward spiral from which it may not recover for the rest of the decade. And if three hoorahs erupt from your lips upon reading these words, my prophecy is all the more true.

Already the rise of Islam is taking up with gusto what Christianity never really left off—the oppression of women under God-inspired laws. In

the Third World, thanks to Western "modernization" aimed solely at men, women are increasingly illiterate and burdened with more manual work than ever before. And now our own Government is pushing for what it openly admits is a discriminatory law, making all British men first-class citizens and all British women second- or third-class ones.

We also face a severe recession and in any recession not only does the whole "woman question" get auto-



matically swept under the carpet but the poor get poorer as the incomes of most of the rich rocket beyond the dreams of avarice. Since women make up most of the poorest and practically none of the rich, save the odd token queen or heiress, bad times for the majority of people always mean worse times for women.

There are no cuts in public spending, no rise in unemployment, no effects of a depression that do not hit women more immediately than they hit men. Just under half of all married women are, anyway, totally dependent on men's earnings and inevitably take the brunt of any dwindling or loss of those earnings, even unto allotting themselves smaller portions of food than the rest of the family. The other half of married women, the working ones, are the first to be laid off through redundancies and closures or paralysed by the cuts that touch their children, from the abolition of school meals to the shrinking of pre-school facilities—even in 1979 Oxfordshire closed all its nursery schools. Equality, to many people, was always a bit of a giggle, even in the heyday of the seventies. I fear that in the eighties the very thought of it will have them rolling in the aisles.

But, you may say, what about a new generation of young and educated single women? Surely they will refuse to be elbowed aside in the stampede for survival? Oh, of course, they would have to start as secretaries and office domestics because that is what they do now but it is, after all, a step on the ladder. Is it? Not, I think, if the microchip has its way. One golden day that little piece of software may well irradiate all our lives with glorious leisure but as it edges in, during the 1980s, the first to hit the dust will be women's jobs and a million Girl Fridays will be thrown up on wageless desert islands, sans Robinson Crusoe, sans everything.

Satan, they say, finds work for idle hands to do. How is a girl to manage when her shorthand is unwanted, her typing obsolete, her book-keeping shrugged off and her clerking an anachronism? Why, she must rediscover her womanhood, what else? If she has two curves to rub together and all her own teeth, she must package herself as a purveyor of luxury goods

to the tycoons, entrepreneurs, spivs, villains, tourists, cult leaders and other beautiful people who always flourish in general adversity. The really well-endowed will become the eighties' molls, glittering accessories to fiscal crime, living status symbols of male prosperity, a tribal totem loaded with expensive gewgaws whose occasional protests are muffled with mink. Bad times throw up good-time girls, gold throws up gold-diggers and every little Sugar goes looking for her Daddy.

For those of us less well-endowed—or still harking back to a dated independence—Trad Time is here again. We will become cleaning ladies, maids, cooks, nannies, nurses, hairdressers, shop assistants, rag-trade seamstresses and laundry operatives because the rich need these facilities, women always provide them and they are always badly paid. A curve or two more will be our entrée into the twilight world of hat-check girls and croupiers, bunnies and models, enamelled receptionists and gold-plated hostesses, accommodating escorts, all-night masseuses and the kind of PA no micro-chip can challenge. Some of us will dive into various areas of showbiz as singers or strippers, chorus girls or cabaret artistes, exotic dancers, blue movie stars or just friendly ladies who give their customers a little relaxation.

If we are disqualified by age, we can either live on our daughters' ampler charms (drinking champagne by the bucket though we never will forgive) or set ourselves up as lady gurus, complete with every trick in the book from tealeaf reading to deeply meaningful and profoundly expensive human potential weekends. Recessions favour irrationality and irrationality offers us the only sort of equality we're likely to glimpse, come the eighties.

But remember, girls, for every silver lining there is always a cloud. We will be accompanied in our new endeavours by an ever-louder chorus of approving voices, congratulating us for giving up that strident "women's libby thing" in order to blossom into Real Women again, in the good old 36-22-38 eighties.

Jill Tweedie is a regular columnist with *The Guardian*.

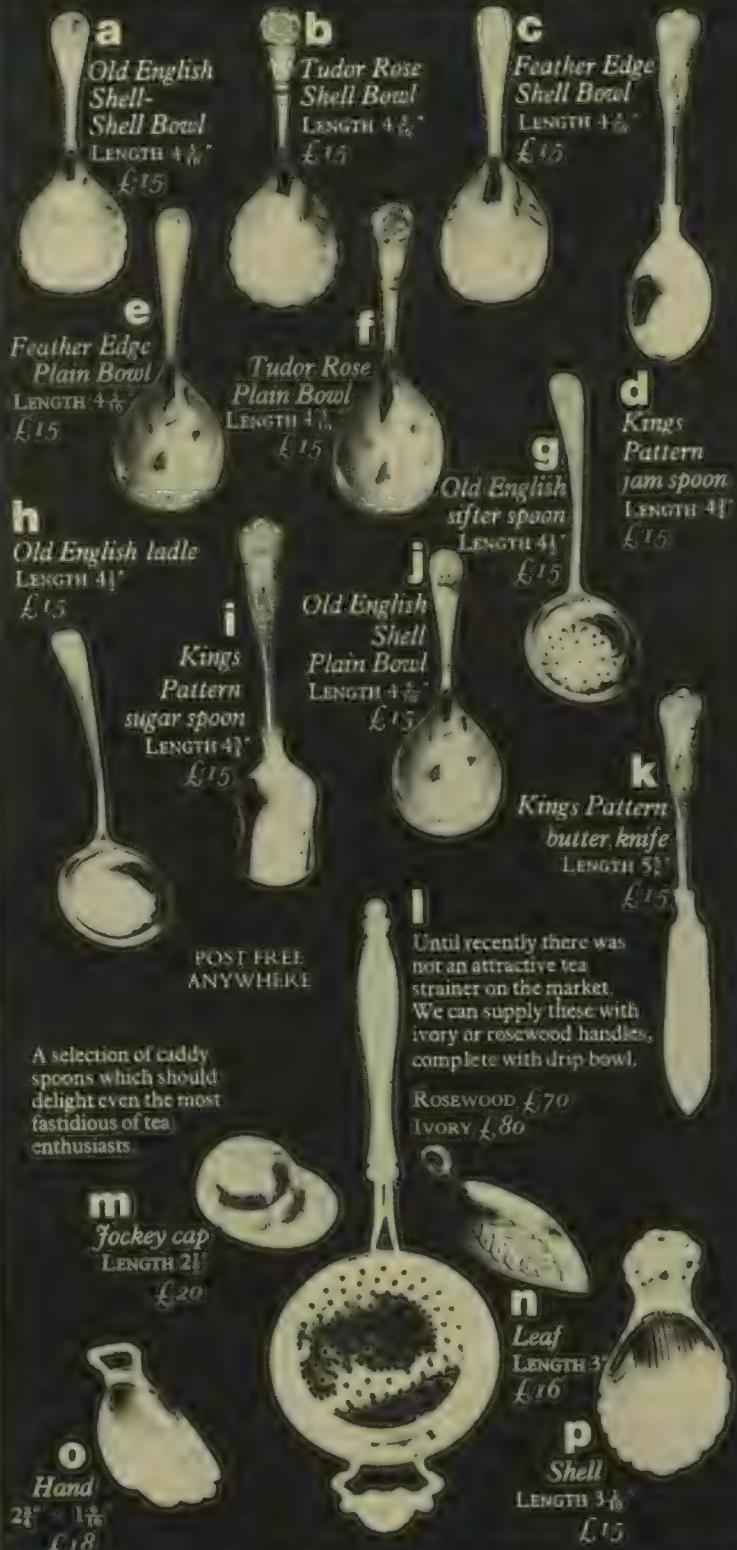
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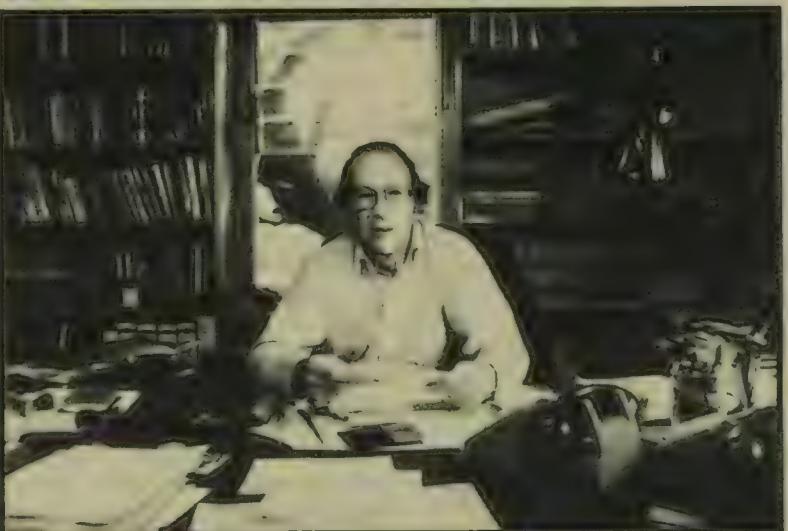
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A MORE SPORTING 80s?



by Christopher Brasher

It is the nature of every sportsman to believe that he can win—whatever the odds. And so as a sportsman I believe that sport will emerge, at the end of the 1980s, less beset by politics, by drugs, by hypocrisy and by excess and will win back for itself its rightful place as a part of a hugely enjoyable, smiling way of life. But the odds, I admit, are stacked against me.

The scene at present is not comforting: there are people who will drive their bodies, in pursuit of success, until they break down; undercover payments—tax free and against the rules of the sport—have escalated from hundreds to thousands and now to tens of thousands of pounds; there is a drug being used at present to increase an athlete's performance and there is no known way of preventing its use; and we are faced with seven months of political threats and manoeuvring, leading up to the Olympic Games in Moscow in July. Yet I have hope that some, if not all, of these problems will be solved in this next decade and that at the end of it we shall see a different, happier picture of sport.

There is already a slight, intelligent man who has proved that there is no need to drive the body to excess: Sebastian Coe, the first athlete to hold three of the most eagerly sought after world records. I need to go back nearly 20 years to prove my point. In 1960, during the Rome Olympic Games, an unknown athlete, Peter Snell of New Zealand, burst through the field in the finishing straight and took the gold medal for the 800 metres. A fellow countryman, Murray Halberg, won the 5,000 metres. Both were trained by Arthur Lydiard. The world of athletics, astounded that a small country of little more than three million people could produce two such winners, believed that Lydiard had found a magic formula: "Run 100 miles a week and success will come." It came to Snell again when he went on to break world records and win two more gold medals. And so the runners of the world ran 100 miles a week, religiously, week

after week. If 100 miles a week produced success then, argued some, why not run 120 miles or 140 miles... until soon there were a few who ran 200 miles a week.

Every one of them broke down: joints, muscles, kidneys could not stand such excess. But still the mileage myth persisted until Sebastian Coe emerged from his final university exams in the early summer of 1979 and embarked on 41 days of record breaking. And when his fellow athletes read of how he had done it they were astounded to discover that he had run only some 50 miles a week. It was, however, 50 miles of quality work. Coe had proved that in the purest form of sport, running, it is possible to live a normal life and yet be hailed as the greatest living athlete.

I am equally hopeful about the hypocrisy that riddles amateur sport. In the 1960s all distinctions between amateur and professional in lawn tennis were abolished. In the early 1970s this happened also in football and cricket and now, in the last bastion of amateurism, track and field events, the premier sport of the Olympic Games, it has been realized that a man of talent must be allowed to exploit that talent openly and legally instead of having to resort to undercover payments. It was the English who invented the sporting distinction between gentleman (amateur) and artisan (professional) and it is good that in 1980, the centenary of the English Amateur Athletic Association, the first national governing body of athletics in the world, that body will be making an urgent revision of the amateur laws.

I am less hopeful about drugs. Twenty years ago the sporting authorities began to wage an organized war against stimulants and by the end of the 1970s regular screening at all major events had largely wiped out this menace. But now we have the problem of steroids, the body-building drugs. There are now sensitive tests which can detect minute quantities of artificial steroids, and in the last three years there have been some sensational disqualifications, among them Olympic and European champions. But now

those few doctors whose only ethic is "success at any price" are feeding their athletes, men and women, with the natural male hormone, testosterone. There is no way of detecting the difference between the athletes' own testosterone and that which is injected. If the scientists are unable to find an effective monitoring system in the 1980s, then I shall not like what I see when I go to the 1984 and 1988 Olympic Games.

But maybe there will be no 1988 Olympic Games. More than ten years ago, after the Mexico City Games of 1968, I wrote about the end of my love affair with the Olympics and I quoted those who believed that the Games would not survive for more than another four celebrations: 1972, 1976, 1980, 1984. Will it matter if the Olympics die? I do not think so. They have spread sport around all the continents of the world but now they have become the tool of the politicians and the fanatics.

Would it not be better to let this massive, overgrown spectacle die and for us to retreat into the heart of sport? That would mean that instead of the people of the world being spectators at sporting events, they would take part.

That will be the trend of the eighties. It has already begun in America, that springboard of new trends. On one Sunday, in the dying months of the seventies, 12,000 men, women and children ran a marathon—26 miles 385 yards—through the streets of New York. I was one of them and we all, I am sure, saw the same vision: a vision of the human race not trying to destroy or defeat our fellow humans but, instead, happy and united in our determination to aid each other to a pointless but wonderful victory over our own doubts and frailties. And that, surely, is what sport is all about.

Christopher Brasher, former Olympic gold medallist, is an *Observer* columnist.

THE SPIRIT OF EXPLORATION



by Lord Hunt

The Royal Geographical Society will celebrate its 150th anniversary in 1980, so this is an appropriate milestone at which to pause and consider the trends in exploration. In attempting to make a forecast I will adopt a dictionary definition: "to travel in order to discover . . ." and I will limit my thoughts to journeys of discovery on, not above or beneath, the surface of our planet.

So my scenario will be global, but with a focus on British opportunities, and I will assume a stable United Kingdom economy and continuing freedom for explorers to travel widely.

The first 50 years of our Society's history were, in the words of one of its presidents, "the most perilous and, therefore, the most glorious". But that golden age of epic journeys by the pioneers had passed its peak before the end of the 19th century; the objectives dwindled, and the last event in that order of exploration took place more than a quarter of a century ago. It is in no sense to diminish the merit of more recent explorers to point out that they have been engaged mainly in filling in the detail: improving the information and quality of our maps, pursuing field

research in greater depth—all in the direct line of true exploration.

But I propose to draw the boundaries of exploration more widely. In the minds of many people no less valuable than the findings of explorers is the spirit which moves men and women to make the venture. So I would include those adventurous enterprises whose results have produced variants on the original journeys; others which have linked up routes already partly traversed. I rate as exploration the climbing of the highest mountains by harder ways, and arduous journeys undertaken by novel methods: Fuchs's trans-Antarctic crossing, Heyerdahl's voyage in *Kontiki*, Chichester's journey round the world in *Gypsy Moth*, Herbert's crossing of the North Pole and Bonington's ascent of Everest by its southwest face.

Looking ahead, I have no doubt that such enterprises as these will continue. What worries me about these manifestations of man's urge to explore is their susceptibility to exposure and exploitation by commerce. Behind the front runners there is a far more numerous following of men and women who are themselves adventurous at heart; some want to travel far afield within their

own limits; others enjoy exploration vicariously. Both provide a profitable market, whether for the tourist industry, the media or the purveyors of commercial products. I foresee a continuing enthusiasm for true adventure stories, but I am concerned lest this may operate to the detriment of the true product, the dispatch of an expedition whose purpose is to make a film of some adventurous exploit, and the cult of hero-worship, which is a part of its attraction to the public. The element of rivalry, already present in the pioneering days of Burton and Speke in Africa, Scott and Amundsen in the Antarctic, whets the public appetite for sensation; so some kinds of exploration are likely to become more competitive, even though the targets may be different from before: new records in time, distance and difficulty are all highly newsworthy. Some of these projects will continue to be called "exploration", but they will gravitate towards the realms of sport and entertainment.

Commercial motives for exploration are natural and acceptable. Even the saintly Livingstone perceived his return to Africa in 1857 as making "an open path for commerce and Christianity"; Stanley, when he traced the Congo to the Atlantic ocean, was commissioned by *The Daily Telegraph* and *The New York Herald*. In the free world today the interdependence of commerce and exploration is a condition without which few expeditions could be launched. In the future commercial initiative may become the dominant partner in some such enterprises.

So for a forecast of the future of true exploration we may have to look elsewhere than in terms of deeds of daring. As I see them, the prospects for the next ten years are promising. Notwithstanding the advent of satellite photography, I am confident that the land surveyors will still have plenty of work ahead. There is more than enough scope for scientific research in the natural environment for the next decade at least. Because of the cost of carrying out their projects and the control exercised over areas for study by the developing countries, I foresee scientists engaging in more interdisciplinary projects, under the general aegis of geography, to produce results that are more cost-effective. I hope that the spirit of the decade will generate more international collaboration to make use of the highest standards of expertise and to avoid duplication of effort; and benefit those partners in a joint enterprise who are the host countries.

One recent example of this trend was a multi-disciplinary expedition organized by the Royal Geographical Society which, at the invitation of the Sarawak government and with scientists of ten nations collaborating, carried out a massive survey in a tropical rainforest in north-east Borneo, as a basis for a management plan for a future national park in the area. One project in 1980 will be a joint enterprise between Pakistani and British scientists who will, it is hoped, be joined by

Chinese colleagues. The programme will include surveys of some of the vast, frozen reservoirs of water represented by the Karakoram glacier system.

This trend towards a wider partnership will be taking place in a continuously "shrinking" world, as access to areas at present remote becomes easier and quicker, with new roads, airstrips and specialized transport. Some regions of scientific interest may become restricted in a political sense. They are so at present, but in changing political circumstances the pattern of opportunities is likely to change. We must hope that most political frontiers will not continue to be barriers to greater co-operation between scientists and other explorers during the next decade; that the example of Antarctica may be emulated in other areas.

But in these prospects there lies a paradox. The motivation of much field research is likely to be increasingly an urgent search for new sources of raw materials: of energy, timber, food, minerals and water. Man's instinct for survival will continue to drive him to increase the productivity of the planet to the detriment of the natural landscape. To this we must add the growing industry of tourism, responding to the demand of more and more people to venture into areas hitherto accessible only to the exceptional few. In both respects, the result will present a threat to the aesthetic values of man's environment, its beauty, its grandeur and sense of remoteness.

I would hope that in the coming decade there will be an increasing tendency for students of the natural sciences to make common cause with the conservationists, in planning the pace and direction of environmental change, designating some areas as "wildernesses" for the preservation of primeval vegetation and wild life and the survival of tribal societies.

Already, because of man's knowledge of the surface of his own planet, the horizon of his curiosity has extended beneath and beyond it. Under the polar ice lies a wealth of mineral resources; beneath the oceans there is a whole exciting world awaiting discovery and exploitation. There is no doubt that, despite the cost, spurred by the vital need to find new sources of materials for subsistence, the polar regions and the ocean bed will, for many years ahead, offer opportunities for pioneering exploration.

I would like to conclude on a hopeful note, not in terms of resounding achievements, nor of new records and heroic deeds. There will remain a vast scope for the exploratory spirit of our young people. The spirit is there, so are the opportunities. For each one of us a first-ever journey into some area of unspoilt country, or across a stretch of ocean, is an essay in exploration, with a prospect of discoveries which are original to ourselves. In this sense there remain many Everests and Kontikis.

Lord Hunt is President of the Royal Geographical Society.

The key to Middle-East peace

by Norman Moss

There are two real crunch points on the road to a Middle East peace, one military and the other ideological.

The military crunch point is peace with Egypt. Egypt is the largest country in the Arab world and the leading military power. The other countries which have fought Israel—Syria, Jordan and, with small commitments of troops, Iraq—cannot make effective war on Israel without Egypt's help. As Israelis see it, a permanent peace with Egypt would remove any possibility of military defeat.

The ideological crunch point is a settlement with the Palestinians. This is much more difficult to achieve. The next item on the Israeli-Egyptian peace timetable is negotiations on autonomy for the lands occupied by Israel in the 1967 war, the West Bank of the Jordan and the Gaza Strip. The inhabitants of those territories are Palestinians. Behind the question of the West Bank lies the question of the Palestinians, there and elsewhere, and of a Palestine state. Israel's quarrel with the Palestinians was the origin of the Arab-Israeli dispute: the Palestine Arabs were the only ones who lost out directly through the creation of Israel. It is today the crux of the matter. If this could be settled the rest would fall into place.

The link between these two points is ostensibly a strong one but will probably prove to be quite tenuous. It is written into the Israeli-Egyptian peace agreement signed in Camp David, Maryland, last March under President Carter's benign gaze. According to the timetable laid down in this treaty, negotiations for the autonomy of those areas should be concluded in May, three months after the exchange of ambassadors between Tel Aviv and Cairo. The timetable ends with June, 1981, by which time the Israelis are due to have withdrawn from the whole of the Sinai and there will be open travel and trade between the two countries.

All the agreements between Israel and Egypt depict peace between the two countries as part of an evolution towards a wider Arab-Israel peace. This underlines the promise that President Sadat made to the other Arab governments when he made his first overtures to Israel, that he would not make a separate peace.

The other Arab governments suspect that this is all empty verbiage, and that whatever Sadat may say, he is making a separate peace. Sadat does nothing to allay their suspicions when he dismisses the remaining barriers to peace in the region as "psychological", as he did in a recent interview, and suggests that if the others would only change their attitude to Israel peace would follow in due course.

Nor are they encouraged by his optimism about the fulfilment of the peace timetable. He shows no sign that

he will wait for the inhabitants of the occupied territories to approve the direction of his negotiations with Israel on their future.

Approval does not seem to be forthcoming. Nor is this surprising. Prime Minister Menachem Begin has made it clear that when he talks about autonomy he means "autonomy for people but not for territory", which means that the inhabitants may administer themselves and even police themselves, but under Israeli rule.

This would suit most Israelis anyway. The role of an occupying power grates against Zionist ideals, and photographs in their newspapers of their young soldiers wielding batons against Arab demonstrators in the streets of Nablus and Ramallah cause deep disquiet. They have been occupied themselves by a foreign power, and they fear the cycle of violent rebellion and violent repression that can ensue.

Most West Bank officials dismiss the Israeli plan for autonomy as meaningless, and so far none has come forward to take part. This boycott is not entirely voluntary; two who showed signs of participating were assassinated. The setting up of a new administration seems farther away than ever, with ill-will between occupiers and occupied growing, and the establishment of more Israeli settlements in the area.

The Egyptians are telling West Bankers that they should go along with the autonomy scheme, partly on the ground that it is a good idea to accept half a loaf if that is all that is on the baker's shelf. Also, many believe that if the Israelis learn to live comfortably alongside a Palestinian administration they may let it develop into a Palestine state. That is what most Palestinians want: a state of their own, whether independent, or linked federally to Jordan, Israel or both.

More and more Israelis are coming around to the idea that the Palestinian question is the key to Arab-Israel peace. But the present Israeli government will not hear of a Palestine state, and in this it has the backing of most Israelis. They identify the Palestinian people with Palestinian terrorist raids, the bomb planted in the supermarket, the machine-gun attack on a bus. They say that a Palestine state next door would be dedicated to their destruction. To which West Bankers reply that for the Israelis to fear destruction at the hands of such a tiny state is like the lion fearing the lamb.

However, Israeli opinion seems to be growing more conciliatory. Just as more and more Israelis are discussing the Palestinian question, so a minority is now ready to consider the idea of a Palestine state. It is usually forgotten, by Israelis as well as others, that the creators of Israel accepted the idea of a Palestine Arab state in 1947. The UN

partition plan called for the division of Palestine into two states, one Jewish and one Arab. The Jews accepted the plan, the Arabs rejected it, war followed, and Jordan and Egypt as well as Israel took over the land assigned to the Arab state. Most of it is what is now called the West Bank.

However, the Israelis' vision of a threat to their national existence is not entirely fantasy. Behind the question of the occupied territories stands the question of the Palestinians, and behind the idea of a Palestine state—indeed, of a Palestine identity—stands the Palestine Liberation Organisation, which claims to be the national body which speaks for all Palestinians, those of the West Bank and Gaza Strip as well as the diaspora. This helps to ensure that the minority of Israelis ready to accept a Palestine state remains a minority.

The Israelis fear that any sovereign Palestinian identity will come under the control of the PLO. Some Arab countries would also view with alarm the prospect of another radical state in the area, particularly Jordan and Saudi Arabia, though none is likely to say so.

Israel says it will not negotiate with the PLO in any circumstances. The United States would like to bring the PLO somehow into the peace process, and has said it will talk to it if it renounces formally its aim of eliminating Israel and replacing it by an all-Palestine, non-Zionist state. If it were to do so, then the way would be open for America to try to persuade Israel to deal with it.

Here, the Europeans are being unhelpful. The message that America is trying to get across to the PLO is that it has gained all the ground it can in terms of political status and sympathy by its rejectionist attitude towards Israel, and will have to change its stance if it wants to make further progress. But Western European governments are vitiating this message by giving more status to the PLO now, either because they are more dependent than America on oil from the Arab world and therefore more anxious to please the Arabs, or because they genuinely see themselves as mediators.

Yassir Arafat, the head of the PLO, has been received officially by the governments of Austria, Spain and Portugal; his foreign affairs spokesman, Farouk Khadoumi, has been received in the foreign ministries of several other continental countries; and there are hints that the EEC may establish a dialogue of some kind with the PLO.

Furthermore, the PLO would pay a heavy price for giving up its rejection of Israel. The murder of the two West Bank officials who were willing to talk to the Israelis about autonomy is one indication. Another can be recalled closer home. The PLO's representative in London for some time was Said

Hamami. He said publicly a number of times that he favoured self-determination for Israelis as well as Palestinians, and therefore would be prepared to accept an Israeli alongside a Palestine Arab state. He was shot dead in his office in Mayfair two years ago by an unidentified Arab visitor, and later denounced in an anonymous telephone call as a "traitor to the Arab cause".

Acceptance of Israel would threaten more than the safety of individuals; it would endanger the very existence of the PLO. The PLO is an umbrella organization which contains several shades of opinion. For one group to announce that it is ready to compromise on the question of Israel would mean a split in the movement, and almost certainly a civil war between compromisers and rejectionists. Israel is offering the PLO leadership no incentive to embark on such a course.

The likelihood is that failure to resolve the West Bank issue will not hold up the formal time-table of Israeli-Egyptian peace. But it may impede the kind of friendship that Israel would like to see. This is very important to Israelis. They have always spoken of peace, not merely as the absence of fighting, nor even the conclusion of a treaty not to resume it, but as a network of normal and even friendly relations with their Arab neighbours. This may seem an unrealistic hope, given the background of grievance and bitterness, but it seems that it is only in such a balmy climate that Israelis can relax and allow their sense of insecurity to disappear.

But ordinary Egyptians do not like to see the Israeli occupation of Arab lands. Egyptian newspaper commentators still talk sometimes of Israeli expansionism, and when the first party of Israeli tourists arrived in Egypt the Egyptian media did not tell its public that they were there.

American public opinion, as well as Israeli, is changing in its attitude towards the Palestinians. There is more sympathy for the Palestinians, and much more criticism of Israeli policy in the occupied territories. It is significant that a serious candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency, Governor Tom Connally of Texas, can appeal to voters by saying that America should shift its support away from Israel in favour of the Arab countries.

The United States is still in a position to influence most sides in the Middle East dispute. Now that Israel has pushed the military threat further away by its peace treaty with Egypt, its vulnerability is economic and political, and Israel in particular will have to be somewhat responsive to American pressure. The United States, which initiated the first Egyptian-Israeli agreement, still has a role to play.

Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth

1: Charles Dickens's House

The headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship is at Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, Bloomsbury, and it is one of the London houses occupied by Charles Dickens. He moved there from Furnival's Inn in March, 1837, shortly after the birth of his first son, and lived there for two years. Then growing prosperity and an ever increasing family caused the move to number 1 Devonshire Terrace.



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Lord of the rails

by John Winton



There is a word for railway enthusiasts. "Gricers", they are called. It is a name with faintly derisive undertones, suggesting pale, pimply youths in wishy-washy blue gaberdine raincoats and berets. Festooned with cameras, pockets bulging with time-tables and stopwatches, pallid shoals of them haunt the platforms of Crewe, Carnforth and Carlisle.

But any such word and in fact any such description as mere "railway enthusiast" simply pales and wilts away before the large figure and personality of David Lindesay-Bethune, Viscount Garnock. He is one of the leading railway fanatics in Britain. In the rarefied world of private and preserved railways he is an international celebrity with a status equivalent to, say, the chairman of British Rail.

Furthermore, at a time when interest in railways is growing all over the world, when railway prints, pictures and railwayana of all kinds fetch rocketing prices at auction, when the petrol shortage is making many governments think they were too hasty in chopping off their railways, David Garnock is becoming an increasingly influential figure. It is true to say that until quite recently any civil servant who backed railways against motor-

ways was not doing his career any good. That is all beginning to change. Garnock has been nutty about railways from an early age. His maternal step-grandfather Lord Hawke was a friend of Sir Nigel Gresley—the chief mechanical engineer who dominated the old London & North-Eastern Railway for many years and is still a name of talismanic power in railway circles. Evidently recognizing a fellow fanatic when he saw one, Gresley used to take the boy for rides on the footplate.

At Eton during the war, Garnock did war work with seven other boys, three afternoons a week and alternate Sundays, cleaning locomotives at Slough engine-sheds. *Picture Post* was so intrigued by this that in 1943 it published pictures of the oily eight, contrasting their overalls with their normal Eton suits and collars. When he went up to Magdalene, Garnock became

president of Cambridge University Railway Club.

After the war he went to North America to study and work on all kinds of railways from the giant Canadian National down to an outfit called the Hannibal Railroad, which had only 9 miles of track, one shunting engine and one "caboose".

Garnock might have settled in Canada—he still has a trace of a western drawl in his accent. He is now a director of the Bank of Montreal and says: "Canada has the best of the American way of life, with the best of the British." But he had commitments in Britain, especially in Scotland. He is heir to the 14th Earl of Lindsay, with a family home and estate in Fife. He returned to Britain and worked for Crossley Carpets in Yorkshire. He lived in digs in Halifax, and became Crossley's North American director.

At the same time he multiplied his railway interests. At the present count he is a member, having been founding president, of the Gresley Society (the name explains itself); first chairman of a unique Birmingham-based railway dining club called the Grand Junction; chairman of the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Light Railway in Kent and of the Middleton Railway in Leeds; commercial director of the Festiniog Railway, at Portmadoc in north Wales; patron of the North Yorkshire Moors Railway, at Pickering; and honorary president, having just retired as chairman, of the Severn Valley Railway, at Bridgnorth.

He is also a member of what a BBC2 programme once called "the most exclusive club in the world"—the handful of people who had their own locomotives running on British Rail metals. In 1961 he bought *The Great Marquess* (named after Montrose), one of the LNER Class K4s designed by Gresley for service on the arduous West Highland line between Glasgow and Mallaig. Garnock paid £1,200, its scrap value, had it reconditioned and repainted in its old LNER green livery. He keeps it down on the Severn Valley.

Garnock looks the part. He has what might be called a





Lord of the rails

Railway countenance. In other circumstances he could well have been one of those formidable railwaymen in trilby hats and long raincoats who laid down the law in small, smoky, brown-painted offices, while giant engines gently hissed steam in the rain outside. He has so many friends and contacts he is easily able to smother the railway and has done well to act as consolidator in private railway matters. British Rail retain him as a consultant to promote the philosophy of high-speed inter-city rail in North America ("the States," he says, "are at least 25 years behind us in railways").

BR are not alone in consulting him. In an age of increasing leisure, projects such as "theme parks" are obvious sites

for miniature railways. Garnock has

just formed a consultancy, Romney Rail Services. "I got bored with people coming and asking me, so I thought we might as well make some money out of it." One of the latest inquirers is the Duke of Westminster, who is considering the idea of a railway for the garden centre at Eaton Hall, near Chester.

As a member of Lloyd's, with a portfolio of business interests, Garnock brings hard-headed and much-needed business expertise to these little railways. The policy is well put by John Smeat, managing director of the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch: "These romantic little railways aren't romantic for long unless you're businesslike with it." He, Garnock and others formed a consortium a few years ago to buy the railway and put it "if not on its feet, at least on its knees". Actually, it is a most

successful little railway trundling across Romney Marshes.

Garnock's combination of hard business acumen and romantic concern has had a tremendous effect on the quirky, idiosyncratic world of preserved railways. "He is very effective in what he does," says Viscount Downe, president of the North Yorkshire Moors Railway. "There are many railway enthusiasts who are unrealists in what they want to do and how they set about doing it. Mr. David is totally realistic. He always knows what is achievable and what is not."

Many railway preservationists think it ungentlemanly to make a profit; not Garnock. He resolutely advised the Festiniog railway board, one of the most hard-headed and successful, to keep on increasing fares in line with inflation. "Some people threw up their

hands," says Alan Pegler, the Festiniog's president. "‘Horrors, they'll never pay that,’ they said. But they did, and they do."

The Festiniog, the prince of narrow-gauge railways, is undoubtedly one of the great railway success stories of post-war years. The line began in the 1830s as a horse-drawn tramway, carrying slate down from the quarries to the harbour at Porthmadog. After many financial difficulties over the years, the line closed in August, 1946.

The rolling stock stopped, literally in its tracks. Welsh weather did its worst. Roofs fell in. Tress broke in. Trees grew through the track. By the early 1950s, when various groups of people were negotiating to take over the railway and restore it, much of the Festiniog had reverted to wilderness.

The man who actually bought the

The *Merddin Emrys*, bearing a headboard commemorating the Festiniog Railway centenary; and *Doctor Syn*, which operates on the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Light Railway.

Festiniog in June, 1954, was Alan Pegler, also a past president of Cambridge University Railway Club, also a member of "the most exclusive club", He gained his commerciality, and financial disaster, by taking the *Flying Scotsman* to America. He paid about £3,000. The shares were put into a trust which is a registered charity.

In 1962, to Garnock's own astonishment, Pegler invited him to become commercial director, and under the chairmanship of John Routh the Festiniog has gone from strength to strength. Last year the line made a net profit of £25,000. It is the fifth largest

tourist attraction in Wales. The company is now planning a joint British Rail/Festiniog terminus at Blaenau Festiniog, costing about £1 million. The Railway Society, which has provided a colossal volunteer effort over the last 25 years, has some 6,000 members.

Volunteers are always on the look-out for the experience of the late Sir Gerald Naracott, whom Garnock succeeded as chairman of the Severn Valley, was a case in point. When the railway needed to raise money in the City, "Gerald was first class. But he sadly lacked the ability to realize what motivates volunteers. If you treat volunteers as if they were paid employees, beholden to you, it doesn't work."

As an international business jettisoner, Garnock spends two weeks in every four in North America and the rest of the time racketing about the place, between London, Halifax, and the Continent, with lightning railway raids on Porthmadog, New Romney, et al. He is hardly ever at his home which he has now moved from Yorkshire to his wife's family home at Combermere Abbey, near Whitchurch on the

vocation is only used for underpaid nurses, but it's a nice word." As he says it, it is quite clear that he sincerely believes that these railway projects provide some vital social values for modern life, and they bring together the 17-year-olds and the 60-year-olds, the miners, the bankers and the bus drivers. They get people of all backgrounds, all walks of life, all together. That is what I like about them."

The main front door at Combermere is jammed and everybody goes in and out through a ground-floor window. Inside, there are indications of Garnock's abiding interest: Loch-class locomotive name plates on the passage-way walls, a rather florid painting of *The Great Marquess* on the kitchen wall, railway prints in the sitting-room and an HO gauge railway lay-out under construction in the attic.

Lady Garnock is philosophically cool towards railways. But Jamie, Master of Garnock, Viscount Garnock's son by his first marriage, has put in his stint as a volunteer fireman and buffet-car attendant on the Festiniog.



Weston Longville

by E. R. Chamberlin

In the first of a series of articles on places with literary associations, the author visits the little Norfolk village where Parson Woodforde recorded in his diaries the minutest details of his life at the end of the 18th century. Photographs by Anne Cardale.

Outside, the church is grey, solid and sober. Inside there is a sudden rich blaze of red, gold and green against dark woodwork. Dozens of hand-worked hassocks are placed neatly on the pews just below eye level so that for one startling moment it seems as though the visitor to Weston Longville's church has come in behind a kneeling congregation, each member of which is wearing an exotic head-dress.

The crimson carpet is new, and so too is the covering of the great Bible on the lectern. In the chancel there are more hangings and hassocks in gold, green and blue. It is all disconcerting at first. But then you reflect that the interior decoration of most medieval churches their heyday would have looked like a fairground to our sensitive eyes. This is how the people of the village want their church to look and it is evidence that their church is alive.

The parson, Gordon James ("call me Jimmy") reflects something of the contrast in himself. The old parson has long since been sold off—few persons these days can afford to live in 18th-century spaciousness—and the new parsonage is crisp and modern in style. In Mr James's study there are photographs of him in the red-and-gold splendour of full sacerdotalism. But now he is wearing jeans and open-necked shirt. The bookshelves contain orthodox theological and devotional works. But there are also piles of mint copies of James Woodforde's *Diary of a Country Parson* for sale—and for the less literary there are souvenirs. Mr James is in effect making his predecessor continue to work for the church.

So Parson Woodforde continues to contribute to the church that was the centre of his life for 27 years, from 1776 to his death in 1803. The visitors' book records that more than 700 people called at this remote Norfolk church last year and were certainly very much more than did not bother to sign the book. Although they contributed £158.05—not exactly a king's ransom but at least something towards keeping the church clean, upright, lighted and warmed. Some of the comments in the book show that the visitors came for personal reasons ("my daddy was choir-boy here") but most were making a pilgrimage to Woodforde's parish church. His portrait, with its slightly enigmatic expression, hangs on the west wall. In the chancel is a touching, if rather fussy, little memorial

put up for him by his niece, Nancy, who lived with him for more than 13 years. His own memorial above his grave in the chancel is simplicity itself: a small diamond-shaped slate slab bearing in exquisitely engraved letters the legend

M.S.
J. Woodforde
1803.

Woodforde was forgotten by all for more than a century after his death, until 1924. That was the year in which James Beresford published the first volume of the five-volume *Diary*. "The Welcome accorded to this obscure Country Parson, the existence of whose Diaries had hitherto been completely unknown even to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, was immediate and widespread. Statesmen, men of letters and that elusive person the common man all came under Woodforde's spell." Beresford noted the considerable interest of the *Diary* published in 1925, when they came to do so in his ability to speak directly to the reader the obscure country parson, whose death went unmarked by all save his immediate neighbours, is one of the great masters of English prose.

Parson Woodforde is important because he was unimportant: famous because he was never famous; distinguished because he had no distinction—save for that talent to record in deceptively homely prose the daily life of a handful of ordinary people in a remote agricultural village. The story of the common man is one which tends to go by default, or at best be built up from peripheral documentation. Even in those rare cases where he is the main subject for a great contemporary writer—a Chaucer or a Dickens—he usually serves simply as a model, his story processed into poetry or fiction. But the people in Woodforde's *Diary* are recorded as with a camera, frozen for eternity into the posture with which they passed through his mind as he was writing his diary. He was no frustrated artist, but a man who could not despair, or fear, or struggle with ambition that must needs find expression if only through writing. His entries, you feel, formed a pleasant, almost automatic habit, a calm review of the day, and they span 34 years.

"I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept at home" is the litany that begins entry after entry, varied only when he is elsewhere on a visit. Weston Longville

was his world, but he was by no means uncultured or untravelled. He was born in Somerset in 1740 and was elected a Fellow of New College, Oxford, at 21, subsequently becoming Sub-Warden and Pro-Proctor. Even after his presentation to the living at Weston, he frequently returns to Somerset and often visits London. He hastens to secure copies of *Roderick Random* and *Evelina* as soon as they appear and he is one of the first to read the *Paston Letters* when they appeared in Fenn's edition. He is aware of the great issues in the outside world, in particular the violence of the rebels in America and the revolutionaries in France. But it is the woods and fields and villages around Weston that form his universe.

The village lies on the crest of a gentle hill that runs down to the broad, rich, Wensum valley. The river is unusually fast and clear for Norfolk, abounding in the fish that play so large a part in the good parson's culinary reveries. The nearest town is Reepham, some 6 miles away, while Norwich, 10 miles to the east, constitutes the great metropolis of the "villagers' world. Agriculture will always in some parts still be the main preoccupation and sole source of income and the *Diary* reflects this. The Parson is as often to be found working in his fields or in his garden helped by his man Will, or Ben, or the boy Jack Warton, as in his study. Woodforde's meticulous accounts, made up every January, tell us exactly what, annually, he paid these, and the two maids who ran the house. "To my head Maid Betty Claxton £5.16: to my Lower Maid Lizzy Greaves £2.06." Will Coleman gets £4 4s. Ben



Interior and exterior of All Saints Church, Weston Longville, and its present incumbent Gordon James, far left. A portrait of his famous predecessor, Parson Woodforde, hangs on the wall.

Weston Longville

Legatt "my farming man" is paid £10, and the boy Jack 10s 6d. Each St Valentine's Day Woodforde presents one penny to each village child, amounting to as much as 4s in some years. Every Christmas Day he has five or six poor old men to dinner. They usually have "a fine surfeit of Beef rosted and Plum Puddings" and he invariably gives them a shilling each.

He receives his tithes in early December. Even as late as the 1960s this "freelance taxation levied by the Anglican Church" as it has been called caused considerable bitterness in East Anglia. Parson Woodforde managed things much better, on each tithe night he gave what he called a "Frolick where conviviality and drink were as he could. In 1782 34 local farmers were entertained to "some salt fish, a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers, a Knuckle of veal, a Pig's face, a fine surfeit of Beef rosted and plenty of Plum puddings. Rum drank 5 Bottles. Wine drank 6 Bottles besides Quantities of strong Beer and Ale. Poor John Buck broke one of my Decanters."

In that convivial atmosphere the farmers perhaps scarcely noticed that they had paid £265 3s in tithes.

Woodforde is a compulsive recorder, even when it is probably indiscreet to be so. "To one Richard Andrews, a Smuggler, for a pound of Tea 9/-" Nothing is too small to be chronicled. On April 15 "Brewed a vessel of strong Beer. My two large Piggs, by drinking some Beer grounds got so amazingly drunk by it that they could not stand." There is trouble with the female staff—particularly difficult for an elderly bachelor. "I told my maid Betty this Morn that the other maid looked so bigg about the Waist that I was afraid she was with Child but Betty told me she thought not but would inform me if it were so." There are no further references to the matter so presumably his gynaecological knowledge was faulty.

There is a rather charming relationship with his niece, Nancy. She kept her own diary, too, and from it we get a cross-reference to life at the rectory. An air of gentle, human warmth permeates it. They play cards almost every night for sum svisit neighbours frequently and gossip much. Nancy is young and occasionally disposed to rail at her dull village life and Parson Woodforde does his best to enliven things for her. In September, 1788, they go on a two-day visit with friends to Norwich, his share costing £6. "It was a clear Frolick but nevertheless I should have been sorry that my niece had not wanted."

The reader follows the gradual development of the most important relationship of all, his friendship with Squire Custance, of Weston Hall. It begins inauspiciously enough: "June 5, 1788. Mr Custance Senr called on me this Morn caught me in a very great disabuse and long beard." But the two men find much to admire in each other

and they successfully establish the delicate relationship between patron and parson. Nancy becoming a particular friend of Mrs Custance.

Above all else, there is food. Every course of almost every dinner at home and of all partaken elsewhere is recorded in loving detail. He disliked his food being "Frenchified"; good country stuff was his preference. "We had for dinner a prodigious Pike; one Fowl boiled and a Pigg's face; a couple of Rabbits smothered in onions; a piece of roast Beef." This fixation seems rooted in gluttony, but Parson Woodforde receives an odd, and slightly backhanded, vindication. In 1978 one of the many new restaurants in Norwich—nowhere more cavalierly took the name Parson Woodforde's. A portrait of Woodforde hangs in it—but it is not an exact copy of the original in the church. "The original was too good-looking," the proprietor explains candidly. "We wanted a rather gross-looking 18th-century parson—and he doesn't look a bit like that."

Although the present population of Weston Longville, at 360, is much the same as in Woodforde's day, at first glance there seems little physical relationship. But behind the apparent changes there is a strong continuity. The old rectory was pulled down in the 19th century, rebuilt, then sold in 1971 for £12,700 to Mr J. H. N. Pearson, a retired engineer from Lincolnshire. He and his wife have devoted themselves to restoring the once beautiful garden. The great barn where Woodforde stored his harvest and collected his tithes in kind is still in agricultural use. The Hart which figures so frequently in the *Diary* is no longer an inn but it still stands on the green.

In the subtle field of human relationships the continuity is just as strong. This is still a real village, despite its polarization into council houses and country houses. The Custances died out locally a few years ago but the occupant of their original home, Weston Old Hall, has unobtrusively taken up the role of squire, contributing generously towards the church's restoration, providing Christmas hampers for the old and parties for children in the great barn on the Hall's estate.

Some of the best fishing in Norfolk is still to be had down at Lenwade Bridge, where Woodforde caught the "prodigious pike". And in the booming 20th-century city of Norwich you can follow him around with little difficulty. The King's Head, where he and Nancy so often stayed, was rebuilt more than a century ago but the Maid's Head, where he attended that "assembly of all the nobility, gentry, and clergy," unchanged. And Thomas Ivory's Assembly Rooms, where benignly Woodforde would watch while Nancy twirled and sparkled, has been skilfully restored to its old role after decades of neglect.

Views in Weston Longville, Norfolk: right, the river Wensum and its weir; opposite top, the tithe barn; opposite bottom, the old rectory.





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Journey through China's past

Dr Ann Birchall, who led the *ILN*'s archaeological tour of China last spring, describes her three-week journey, which began at Canton in the south and ended at Peking in the north, and the remarkable treasures of the past she saw during her journey.

A journey to China is not only a journey half way across the world, but for the visitor interested in ancient art and archaeology, it is a journey through time: some 7,000 or more years from the splendours of the imperial court in the last century to the austere village life of the Neolithic in the fifth millennium BC.

Our tour, which began at Canton, in the south, and ended three weeks later at Peking, in the north, brought us on an early stage to the Yellow River (Huang He) valley, the traditional cradle of Chinese civilization. Paradoxically perhaps the Yellow River, known as "China's Sorrows" because of its frequent, devastating floods, today seems like an archaeologist's paradise, with cities such as Sian (Xian), Loyang (Luoyang), K'ai-feng and Chengzhou (Zhengzhou) forming ideal centres from which to trace, on sites and in museums, the development of Chinese culture from its early beginnings to the present. It was the west of these, Sian, formerly known as Chang'an (meaning "Eternal Peace") and China's capital intermittently for 11 dynasties, that provided the best introduction to China's Neolithic.

For millennia early man the world over was a food-gatherer, dependent for his existence on locating and utilizing natural resources. The invention of food production, the process which Gordon Childe called the Neolithic Revolution, was a turning-point in human history, for it enabled man to move towards a sedentary, and therefore progressively more complex, culture. Only fairly recently has it been established that the Neolithic in China developed not under the stimulus of outside influence but indigenously, with parallel lines of development in different regions. One of these is the Yang-shao culture of the Yellow River valley, the name derived from the type-site, Yang-shao in northern Sian, which was discovered in 1920. Among the many sites discovered and excavated since then is what might well be described as an archaeological model village, Pan-p'o-ts'un, east of Sian in Shensi. The settlement, which covers 50,000 square metres, was excavated between 1954 and 1957; when the excavation was finished the important decision was made to preserve part of it

for display *in situ*; about a tenth of the area was roofed over, surrounded by a raised walkway and opened to the public in 1958.

Here the visitor's eyes fall directly on the remains of houses occupied by a farming community of about 4650 BC (by carbon 14 dating): square, oblong or round houses built on wattle-and-daub foundations with wooden posts supporting the upper walls and roofs, and with an average room area of about 20 square metres; the beaten earth floors had hearths, either simple pits or later, more round-shaped pits. The lay-out preserves the arrangement whereby the houses and most of the storage pits and animal pens were enclosed by a ditch; outside it remains parts of a cemetery in which were found more than 130 adult burials; in a third area are preserved pottery kilns.

Adjoining the site an exhibition gallery holds a beautiful display of small finds: pottery water-jars, cooking tripods with solid legs, coarse and fine red and grey pots for storage and drinking, and finer vessels with black decorative designs characteristic of the Yang-shao culture; the coarse-ware storage jars were used for grain and some on view retain the impressions of grain and vegetable seeds. There were also polished stone tools and knives of stone or pottery, grinding stones for making flour from the principal crop cultivated, the small grain, stone and bone tools, arrowheads for hunting animals, stone balls as slingstones for hunting and bone fish spears.

Animal bones, of which great quantities were found in the middens, are displayed alongside models of the animals whose remains they represent—dogs, pigs, leopards, deer, wild cattle and horses, rhinoceros and others. Bone needles indicate the use of thread to sew clothes, stone spindles whorls point to weaving, while impressions left on some pots indicate textile and basketry. The fine pottery is fascinating—the black-on-red decoration includes a stylized face or schematized fish designs, both possibly having totemic significance, while potters' marks scratched into the surface near the lip of some pots have been interpreted as the direct antecedents of the Chinese ideographic script.

The communal arrangements for storage are not without interest—with or without modern political overtones—as too, are the burial arrangements



Left, remains of houses and, above, pottery kiln excavated at the Neolithic village site at Pan-p'o-ts'un, Shensi province. Below, monumental sculpture from the Feng Hsien Temple, Lungmen, about AD 675.



Left, detail from the painting (copy) *Ching-ming hang-ho tu* by Chang Tse-tuan, about AD 1150; original in Palace Museum, Peking.

Edward Bacon, Archaeology Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, has retired after more than 30 years in the post. He has been succeeded by Ann Birchall, formerly Assistant Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, who contributes this article describing a recent tour of archaeological sites in China.

HOUSE PLANT.



We're in the Andes near a place called Humahuaca. And someone's got their eye on this cactus. Pretty soon now (and it could be as soon as this time next year) he's going to come up here with an axe and a donkey and cut it down.

If we follow them down the valley we'll get to Humahuaca in a couple of hours. On the way we'll see some of the most spectacular scenery in the world and do our best to avoid some of the most spectacular drops seen anywhere. We'll also realise just why they want the cactus.

The chap with the axe will use it to build a house. (In the absence of timber cactus makes an ideal building material.) In Humahuaca they've made the town hall, the church, the houses and the railway station from sun dried bricks, and cactus.

Study the railway station at Humahuaca for any length of time and you may be lucky enough to see the daily train. This chugs in from Bolivia promptly every afternoon pulling carriages that won design awards in 1902. It's an interesting way to travel but is not recommended as a means of seeing Argentina unless you've got two or three months to spare.

Alternatively you can make use of Aerolineas Argentinas network of internal flights. These cover all of Argentina and South America. You can plan your itinerary in Britain and pre-book both hotels and internal flights, something that's particularly useful to the businessman on a tight schedule.

Of course your reasons for visiting Argentina can be as varied and diverse as the country itself. If you're in business and looking for an area for overseas investment Argentina is well worth a look. And if you're someone who travels purely for the joy of travelling you can't help but find Argentina rewarding.

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Excavation in progress and terracotta horses with warriors behind, from the vault site of Ch'in Shih-huang-ti, about 210 BC.



Performing horse and groom from the tomb of Prince Chang Huai, about AD 706, on display in the new site museum at Chienling Tomb.



Detail of a wall painting depicting three ladies, from the tomb of the wife of Chang Po-ja, Han Dynasty, first century AD.

princess Yung-t'ai, who died in 701 aged 17, was opened to the public in the late 1960s and this has been followed by the opening of a new museum complex in 1978 on site to exhibit the spectacular finds from further tombs belonging to other members of the imperial family and court officials.

The wealth of material from these new tombs is rich and varied, including some objects unique in the T'ang period; but especially attractive are the terracotta figurines which give a vivid picture of contemporary daily life: tiny animals and toys or gigantic horses, Bactrian camels, armed men, officials, servants, dancing-girls, musicians, some accompanied by performing horses. The figurines are sometimes simply slip-coated and painted, but more often they are lavishly decorated with three-colour glazes. A different kind of painting is exemplified in the murals from the tombs, such as the delicate, sensitive portrayal of attendants from the princess's tomb.

Attendants, though of quite a dif-

ferent kind, provided the keynote to the most unexpected and rewarding experience of our entire tour: the excavation, which we were privileged to see still in progress, of the huge vault containing the "guardian army" of China's first emperor, Ch'in Shih-huang-ti who died in 210 BC. He was the man who united China and proclaimed himself first emperor of the Ch'in dynasty, standardized weights and measures, persecuted the Confucians, linked up and extended previous walls to form a 3,000 kilometre continuous defensive rampart, the Great Wall. He lies buried in an elaborate and luxurious tomb, according to Ssu-ma-Ch'ien, China's great early historian (who flourished about 90 BC). The burial site is in Lin-t'ung, about 60 kilometres east of Sian.

About 1.5 kilometres east of the tumulus itself workers digging an irrigation well in March, 1974, came across parts of terracotta statues. Later excavation has revealed an extraordinary and unique element of the imperial mausoleum: a vault or under-

ground gallery measuring 230 metres east-west by 62 metres north-south and about 5 metres deep, divided by earth partitions into 11 corridors 3 metres wide each containing ranks of terracotta warriors and horses, arranged as if for battle and estimated to be 6,400 strong—a veritable army. But, astonishingly, the figures are not in miniature, for the men are between 1.78 metres and 1.87 metres tall and the horses are 1.23 metres high. The figures, the earliest examples of terracotta modelling at life size, still preserve traces of colour and were originally equipped with real armour (though most of that was looted in antiquity), swords, spears and crossbows.

The men's faces show individual characteristics, while the horses, standing four abreast to pull wooden war-chariots, exhibit a simplicity and purity of line which looks forward to the famous horses of the T'ang dynasty (AD 618-907). We saw this magnificent find, now roofed over for display *in situ*, being prepared for public view on

October, 1979. The adjoining galleries of exhibits, still unfinished, will be opened in 1980. Meanwhile the position of the vault in relation to the emperor's tomb leads to speculation that there may be other vaults to the north, south and west of the tumulus, which itself has yet to be excavated.

Several days in Peking brought a fitting climax to our tour, although a brief account can do little justice to the treasures of that city and its environs: the unique palace-museum which is the "Forbidden City," the incomparable wealth of the Ming tombs, the Summer Palace in its exquisite garden and lake setting, and the Great Wall, the only man-built edifice that can be seen from the moon; it leaves the spectator horrified by its original cost in human lives yet in awe at its achievement.

China's success in uncovering her rich heritage of the past must excite the admiration of every visitor. But for the archaeologist there is also the pleasurable expectation of great discoveries still to come.

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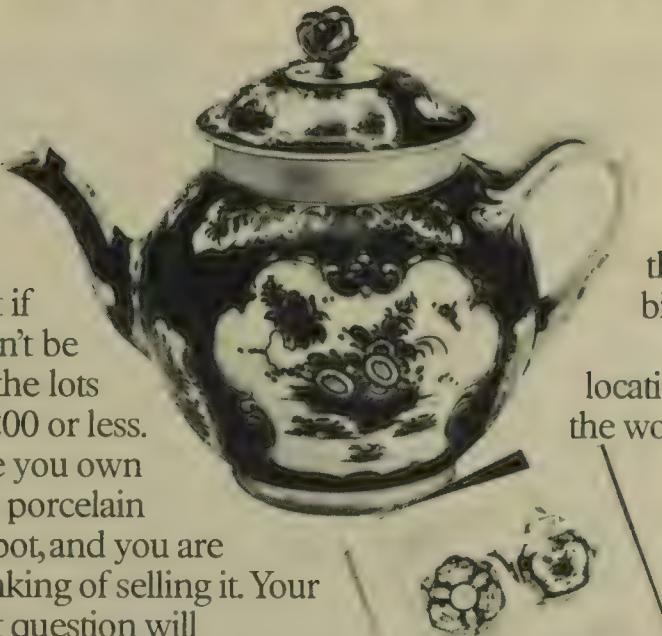
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Profile by Joan Bakewell

Sir John Methven

Brought up in the north-east, the director general of the CBI has seen the wounds of unemployment. He has started on a personal crusade to make business successful and so help the community.



The Confederation of British Industry is very profile-conscious: its director general equally so. "This place lives through the media," he tells me; "if you get slammed in the newspapers it hurts like hell. But you shouldn't be doing the job if it doesn't hurt. Your antennae are not going to be sensitive enough."

Let me serve the CBI's interests, and, I trust, your curiosity, by profiling its director general, Sir John Methven. He was born in Southampton, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel M. D. Methven, who had been a fighter pilot in the First World War, then helped to set up the Royal Canadian Air Force. By the time young John was growing up in the 1930s, he had moved to north-east England where with government capital and a board of industrialists he became general manager of a trading estate company bringing relief to an area stricken by unemployment. Father was a strong example and guiding force. "A brilliant man, brilliant brain, very dominating." He was probably also a Labour voter. For the family entertained at their table such people as Douglas Jay and Sir Stafford Cripps.

The other influence on his life was the condition of the north-east at that

time. "I was taken through the slums of Gateshead and saw the grinding poverty there. You'd visit slum houses and when the light went on cockroaches would dash for the wainscot. I swore I would try and do something about it."

This sense of social purpose, instilled by his father, has never left him. "I saw my Dad genuinely helping the community in which he was living. I thought if I could clear a couple of slum streets it would actually help people. I still want to do it . . ." Today he sees that purpose being fulfilled by renewed prosperity. "I believe this is a moderate but complacent country and there's a chance we can bring it the kind of prosperity I want to see . . . and *that* will reach my Tynesides, *that* will reach my Glasgow Easts. We'll get a more divisive society unless business is really successful . . . I'm trying to involve people, to make business successful, the inequities fewer."

His early local impressions were coloured, too, by their stark contrast to his own home. "We had a gorgeous house in south-west Durham, an old farmhouse right out in the country getting on towards the Pennines." School was Mill Hill and a happy time. "It was the war and we were evacuated to St

Bees so I was never at the actual school. But I was good at games, one of two senior monitors. I had a master who taught me all about English literature, another who taught me all about music. Super! Lovely!" He was a bright boy, then? "No, I wasn't. I couldn't do Greek unseen. I was good at Latin, good at history—could *not* do Greek unseen." This modest handicap seems to have weighed heavily. "When I went up to Cambridge I found, because I was a plodder, I could do law. And I liked law—nearly stayed on as a don, but thought the people ahead of me were much too clever."

He did get a first, however, so the plodding paid off. It has done so ever since. And he is not at all shy about it. "Oh, yes, a plodder. Hardworking. I reckon to work harder than the next person. And I've gained in confidence

—particularly since the Office of Fair Trading and now the CBI."

Cambridge was interrupted by three years in the Royal Navy. Eighteen months on the lower deck—"then I passed out number two out of 21,000 officers who had been through. I was the only RNVR officer to go on the royal tour of South Africa in 1947."

By now he had chosen a career in law and local government. First in Newcastle: "I remember as an articled clerk earning £13 for doing a census of a very poor area. It was the hardest £13 I ever earned. I even found two people who'd been through the war without ration cards. Incredible."

Thence to Birmingham, with, by now, a wife, Margaret, a former domestic science demonstrator with the Gas Board, and soon, the first of three daughters. "After five years I got fed up with the politics of local government in Birmingham. My Dad said: 'Why not try ICI?' I got taken on—was in ICI's legal department for 11 years, and loved it. I loved being a lawyer. My ambition was to be ICI's head lawyer."

As well as job satisfaction there were other rewards. "My boss and I divided the world on the basis of opera houses. He was dead keen on Wagner. My Mum was very keen on music. But until I went to ICI I was mainly an orchestra man. In Newcastle I remember the Hallé coming across and Sir John Barbirolli coming back from conducting the New York Phil. But at ICI opera took over—the greatest of art forms. Favourites? Without

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Sir John Methven

doubt *Cosi*. I've just got tickets for Karl Böhm's *Cosi*—he loses for a moment the schooled CBI persona and reveals the glee of a child enjoying a treat—and bearing a disappointment. "La Bohème, another. I was at a state banquet last night and had to give up my tickets for Cotrubas's performance—that was hard!" He no longer enjoys ICI's free seats, of course. "I apply to Covent Garden and the English National Opera by post like everyone else. We go about twice a month."

He never did get to be top lawyer at ICI. His ambition was deflected when he was sent to run Central Purchasing, liked it and stayed. Then to ICI's Mond division as deputy chairman. But in the mid 1970s the time was coming, though he did not realize it, when he would face crisis on three fronts: career, marriage, health.

"My first wife—she's a sweetie, but she wasn't ambitious for me and wanted me to remain the lawyer rather than go on the board. Then I was approached by Geoffrey Howe and Peter Walker to set up the Office of Fair Trading—from nothing, no one but myself. Now I genuinely enjoy using my brain for creating organizations. So I went. It was 1973. Within four months of being appointed by a Conservative Government there was a Labour Government in power whose manifesto threatened my job.

"ICI had said: 'If you go you'll be a nut case and out of a job in six months.' I had to prove them wrong. There I was, a Conservative appointee, with the entire consumer world saying: 'Who's this odd bod who's come from ICI?' I was fighting for my life in a way ICI had never taught me. It was my fault but my marriage flew apart. I got glandular fever. It was a mighty difficult period." That was in 1974. The job survived. The marriage did not.

Two and a half years ago, at 51, he remarried. They had met at ICI. "My Karen is much younger than I am, and she greatly enjoys the political scene. I'm speaking tonight at the United and Cecil Club: she'll come too. I find that an enormous asset." It also makes for understanding of the long hours needed for such behind-the-scenes politics. Sir John is still the hard worker he was as a student, and his impulse to overwork has to be checked. "It's like an assault course here. I'm up at 6.45. I've been here since 8.30 this morning. I'll finish at 11 tonight, last night it was 1.30 am. If I have a night off I'm here until 7.30 or 8. If I'm at home I work before dinner—but I'm not allowed to work after dinner."

Then in 1976 came the CBI job. From local government to business, to government and back to business again. His career zigzags back and forth but his philosophy remains the same. "I believe in the market economy, competition, small units where possible, and winning hearts and minds on the shop floor by getting people to

understand what is happening." And it should all be voluntary. But hadn't the Office of Fair Trading as part of the consumer movement supported the development of consumer law? "In my time you don't find lots of legislation on the Statute Book. I said wherever I could, we have to do it voluntarily. By codes of practice—all those sorts of things—and they've stuck."

Consumerism he believes has receded because it is a luxury you can only afford in times of economic success. Now his purpose is to improve the voice of businessmen in the affairs of the country—a job in politics, but not of politics. The CBI now has 300,000 member firms, including all the nationalized industries, and members employ about 12 million people. A CBI booklet lists their objectives and against it a tick list of what the Conservative Government has so far put into effect. The word "accepted" appears more than 20 times. He is confident the CBI is coming into its own and that is a matter of great personal gratification.

"It's a creative thing. For example, to organize a conference, our first in 1977, from scratch, with staff who've never done it before ... on the first day I hadn't enough speakers for one third of the 36 hours ... a blank board. But after that first conference everyone patted us on the head in a very patronizing way and said the organization was superb. It was. Last time practically everyone said that the CBI has come of age. I enjoyed its undoubtedly success."

Again the hard worker, he had taken some three or four weeks to get his closing speech right. "I took immense trouble—and to see a hall of 1,300 people all paying attention—that is exciting."

But tiring, too. And time to check the overworking. The saving grace is the boat. "We put our life savings into that boat. If you come to do a job like this you earn much less than my job at ICI, much, much less. We have a very little house at Kew: sweet but not big. And the boat—a Moody 30. Getting away one weekend in two is very important." And its importance is more than relaxing.

He mentions it again when I ask about his spiritual values: "Certainly I believe in God. If you sail as much as I do you know what fear of the sea is—a fairly profound thing."

I blanch at the idea of drenching salt waves being a pleasure. "Oh, I don't mind being wet 12 or 14 hours. And when we come alongside—that's my job—we're extremely comfortable down below. Sailing's immensely physically hard. But I enjoy using my hands. It's a different set of skills. You can't worry about this job if you're off in a gale. I adore it."

"We visit France, all the ports. Little Brittany restaurants at night. But I like to be dry and burrow down into my sleeping bag at night. And then start again fresh the next day. Just as I like to sleep at home ... and start every day fresh." ●

Developments at Peacehaven

by Tony Aldous

Peacehaven, a scheme to provide First World War heroes with homes fit for their bravery, became the archetype of uncontrolled development and jerry-building. The author describes how a new community centre, shopping precinct and other developments are redeeming the town's old, bad image.

Photographs by Jerry Mason.



During the First World War an entrepreneur named Charles Neville bought 625 acres of downland in Sussex, stretching to the clifftops between Brighton and Newhaven. He then launched, with a blaze of publicity, a plan to create a new town, dubbed New-Anzac-on-Sea in honour of the contribution then being made by Australian and New Zealand troops to the war. He had a flair for publicity, and offered free plots of land as prizes in newspaper competitions to promote his project. Building did not really make a start until the war ended, by which time Neville deemed it advantageous to rename his town Peacehaven.

Neville's scheme had considerable merits, not least the aim of offering ordinary people the chance to buy for as little as £50 coastal plots on which they could build their own homes. The original proposals for New-Anzac-on-Sea showed a grid-iron of streets, with everything rectilinear except the coast itself and the pre-existing South Coast Road behind it. Plots between a clifftop

Left top and above, old-style houses and shops at Peacehaven; right, part of the town's new housing estate and Meridian Centre.

promenade and South Coast Road were to be offered at £100 each; plots in blocks immediately behind South Coast Road for £75; and those beyond Arundel Road for £50.

But everything at Peacehaven did not run smoothly. Building materials were at first in short supply, and in any case the whole enterprise was being undertaken on a shoe-string. Buyers found that the plots lacked provision for piped water, electricity, gas, or sewerage, and that community and other facilities were almost wholly absent. It should be said that Neville sought to remedy these deficiencies by setting up companies to provide water, electricity and building materials; and by encouraging the formation of clubs and societies, and the building of churches and a cinema; but many of the people his skilful publicity had drawn to Peacehaven were hard put to it to afford the costs of these services.

Those of the original houses which survive show the tight cost limits of early residents: they are built of asbestos and timber, with bricks used only for foundations and chimneys.

The end result was that "Peacehaven" became a term of reproach, the classic example of uncontrolled development spoiling the countryside and leaving its inhabitants poorly provided with amenities. For instance, the Royal Town Planning Institute's gazetteer, *Britain's Planning Heritage*, produced for European Architectural Heritage Year, 1975, tells us that Peacehaven, "proposed in 1916 as a garden city by the sea . . . became known as a settlement built with scant regard for social or environmental concern. The monotonous grid-iron plan and lack of services and amenities are only now being alleviated. Its uncontrolled development in a prominent clifftop location led to widespread concern which contributed

to a public acceptance of the need for comprehensive planning control."

So, a blot on the landscape, a place without facilities. It all sounds pretty damning. Yet, curiously enough, Peacehaven folk like their town, resent outsiders criticizing it, and defend its reputation fiercely, as East Sussex assistant county planner, Michael Barnard, quickly discovered when his council sought local views on the idea of providing a new shopping and community centre and filling in some of the empty gaps in the built-up area.

This is not to say that the residents cold-shouldered the idea of improvements. After all, the general opinion was that the shops along South Coast Road gave insufficient choice, and shopping and parking on that busy main road were not easy or pleasant activities. Most people welcomed plans for a new centre in the hinterland behind South Coast Road, though the proposal with which this was linked, for new housing on the larger plots to the north, which Neville had

Developments at Peacehaven

offered as smallholdings, produced a more mixed reaction. In the end, however, local opinion generally accepted the notion that more houses were needed, and that it was better to construct them in gaps in the existing built up area rather than attempt fresh incursions into attractive downland, which planning policy would not allow.

Thus it was that in 1976 East Sussex County Council, in association with Lewes District Council and the twin parishes of Peacehaven and Telscombe Cliffs (to all intents and purposes parts of the same town) set about planning and building what is now known as the Meridian Centre—a development that has given new focus and heart to a community that previously lacked them. The centre is a large, low brick building with mansard roof, and tiles and bricks of a brownish-red. All this was designed to reduce the building's apparent bulk and fit it into a landscape where buildings and other features are almost without exception low. Ideally one could wish the designers had varied and recessed the perimeter walls more than they have done, and added some vertical feature; but East Sussex county architect's department is, on the whole, to be congratulated on the building's external appearance.

What does it contain? Its commercial linchpin is a 30,000 square foot supermarket, run by Brighton and District Co-operative Society. This is a great success with local people, who have discovered that it is better stocked and more competitive in most lines than any other local store. Indeed, one shopper I talked to, Glyn Williams, a telecommunications auditor, who works in Brighton, where he has free car-parking virtually next door to the Churchill Square shopping centre, told me: "I still prefer to shop here: the prices are more competitive." Another shopper, Mrs Mabel McConnell, thought the building did not look very attractive from outside, but she liked the landscaping in the car parks and the range and competitiveness of the shops. Her husband John, a retired local government officer from London, thought the Peacehaven shopkeepers had "had a jolly good innings" before Meridian opened. Now some of them were clearly feeling the draught.

Besides the Co-op supermarket, the Meridian Centre contains some dozen smaller units, including a newsagent's, a café, an off-licence, a chemist's and, inevitably, a building society branch. They are grouped round a centre square with three short projecting malls. These public spaces are roofed over, but not climate-controlled: fresh air, and sometimes a little weather, come in through openings between the front walls of shop units and the "space-frame" roof. Original hopes of providing fully enclosed and heated malls foundered on the high cost of safety and fire requirements. I doubt



Top, inside the Meridian Centre, which contains a 30,000 square foot supermarket. Above, the children's section of the new public library at Peacehaven.

if Meridian's customers miss them.

On three sides of the central square are shops; on the fourth, the entrance to the Community House, which is the non-commercial part of the building. It contains a hall big enough to hold dances and discos, three meeting-rooms, three offices (used by, among others, a Citizen's Advice Bureau and Peacehaven Parish Council); a kitchen; a bar giving on to the foyer; and, in many people's eyes most important, the public library. This replaced a much smaller building in South Coast Road, and its better facilities and bigger book stock have hugely increased its use. In its first three months of operation, the library attracted 1,800 new users; in the following three months another 800 joined, a significant proportion coming from neighbouring Saltdean and Newhaven, which are served by older, smaller libraries.

Other factors are its pleasant welcoming interior, and the information centre run by Lewes District Council. Mrs Moya Nicholson, who mans it, reckons to deal with all manner of queries from rents and rates, tides and

train times, to queries on pensions and planning applications, which she usually refers to the Citizen's Advice Bureau and the parish council office, where copies of planning applications can be inspected. The Meridian Centre also includes some flats let to shopkeepers; and it is designed so that at least two of its malls can readily be extended. East Sussex County Council also arranged for one local bus service to be diverted to call at a special bus "station" or bay right next to the entrance to one of the malls. Meridian was officially opened in April, 1979, by Michael Young, chairman of the Consumer Council.

Peacehaven's new housing development to the north of Meridian, in the areas originally marked out by Charles Neville for "self-sufficiency" households, has not gone altogether smoothly even since the county council took on the (for private entrepreneurs impossible) job of land assembly. With the property market and the economy in the doldrums, it more than once postponed plans for Peacehaven North, as the town's extension is called. One

object lesson on the pitfalls of land acquisition stands across Roderick Avenue, to the west of the Meridian Centre: a block of flats empty and with its windows broken. Having completed its construction, the builder-developer found that he could not show prospective purchasers of the flats good title to the land on which they stood, and Balcombe Court—at five storeys the highest building in Peacehaven—remains unsold and empty.

But in other areas the gaps are beginning to fill up, with homes for sale by a local builder developer W. S. Try, and some very attractive rented housing, with shapes, colours and textures that remind you of traditional farm buildings, designed by the Lewes architects Paul Hodgkins & Associates for the Coastal Counties Housing Association. The county, represented by Mike Barnard and his colleagues, has sought to nudge builder-developers away from ubiquitous standard-design houses and towards something that would suit this particular terrain and lift Peacehaven's visual quality.

It has also striven to improve the environment in other ways: by establishing, well in advance of building, pockets of tree-planting in a salt-laden, wind-torn environment which weights the odds against survival; by running sheltered, sunken footpaths through the housing areas towards Meridian and the sea; and by stipulating the retention of small, landscaped open spaces in the new development. The planting has taken surprisingly well, helped by careful siting and protection—the shrubs and flowers in the Meridian car-parks are cordoned off with palings against blustery, briny, clifftop winds.

If established residents of Peacehaven in general welcomed the new shopping and community facilities provided by Meridian, the newcomers in Peacehaven North, though they may find their surroundings agreeable, have shown themselves distinctly critical of the lack of certain facilities. Peacehaven Parish Council continues to lobby superior tiers of local and central government to give the town's needs a higher priority, but it is also itself providing some new facilities, including a new sports complex at Piddington Avenue (football, cricket, bowls, tennis, and all-weather, floodlit games pitches) at a cost of more than £170,000, and The Oval, an open space in and specifically for Peacehaven North.

Allon Clark, the clerk of the parish council for 12 years until he retired last autumn, mentioned another significant change. Until November Peacehaven, with a population of 11,000 planned to rise to 14,000, remained a parish; Newhaven to the east and Telscombe and East Saltdean to the west, each with a lower population, had the status of town. It seemed a bit nonsensical, so Peacehaven voted to become a town with its own town mayor—"but with the proviso," added Mr Clark, "that there should be no extra expense." Charles Neville of New-Anzac-on-Sea would surely have approved.

From Cold Comfort to Highgate Hill

by Sasha Moorsom

The writer who 48 years ago achieved overnight success with her best-selling novel *Cold Comfort Farm* this month celebrates her 78th birthday. Stella Gibbons here recalls her family background, which inspired the classic comedy, and describes her later career.

Stella Gibbons did her best to put me off. Her voice came clear and definite over the telephone. "I am not an interesting person." Next a recycled card in a recycled envelope. It said, "Come at 3 and there will be tea about 4. I am absolutely swamped with domestic life and grandsons. Do you still want to come?"

Mrs Webb, as she prefers to be called, lives alone with a budgerigar in the house she moved into 43 years ago, a trim family house on the Holly Lodge Estate on Highgate Hill, swamped not by people—even the grandsons were away on a walking holiday—but by the task of keeping dust and disorder at bay, single-handed. "For some reason the local females don't like coming. They don't like the hill and I don't blame them, but I don't think I'm very cosy. I wouldn't mind chatting for five minutes but not those endless cups of coffee." Slender, upright, cool, not in the sense of being unfriendly but in the sense of being very much in possession of herself, at 78 her profile has retained its beauty and severity but the line of her mouth, its mobility, shows how ready she is to be amused.

Cold Comfort Farm, the first novel that brought her life-long fame, was published by Longmans in 1932 without, in their view, much hope of success. She had great difficulty in getting them to take it at all. They had been much more ready to publish her *Mountain Beasts and other Poems* two years earlier. A senior partner told her she would have to hawk *Cold Comfort Farm* round on a wheelbarrow to persuade people to read it. She knew better. "The girls who typed it had been laughing very much over it so I thought the ordinary reader would like it."

The ordinary reader did and went on doing so. After the hard-back came the Penguin, an American hard-back, a Panther, another Penguin, and recently a luxurious edition by the Folio Society. The book was not only a popular success, the critics liked it too: "one of the most brilliant satirists and parodists of the day", "a wicked and witty pen", "whoops and shouts of laughter". The Longman senior partner was soon laughing his way to the bank. Stella Gibbons had received the standard advance of £30 but now the royalties came rolling in. There was, she says, "immense admiration and astonishment that this obscure brat from the squalid depths of Fleet Street should have produced something so unexpected". One reviewer thought it was Evelyn Waugh under a pseudonym. But instant success did not turn her head. She was 30 years old and a hard-



Stella Gibbons at the time of the publication of *Cold Comfort Farm*.

working journalist. "I was pleased about it, very pleased. But I'd had the feeling, you know, that this is going to be all right. Quite a lot of unpleasant things had happened to me. I'd been rather battered about."

She began writing the book, on office paper, when she was working for the *Evening Standard*, staying late and continuing in the Underground going home. For some time she had been thinking of "the idea of one sensible person amid a lot of very dramatic, over-sensational people. That's the kind of family I grew up in, people who were always exaggerating, always in the most awful mess with family trouble and rows." Her father, like the father of her heroine, Flora Poste, "a great moitherin' man, aye playin' wi' batses and ballses", was a doctor in Kentish Town, much given to seducing her governesses and quarrelling with her mother. A violent and unhappy man, he was as virulent in his atheism as Amos Starkadder in his evangelism. To her question at the age of ten, "Daddy, will you ever be happy?" he replied, "No, not if I was seated at the right

hand of God." In her book the passions and muddles and messes of Kentish Town were transposed to the Sussex countryside. The atmosphere of gloom and doom remained the same. At the heart of the story stands this one sensible person, Flora Poste, "me, of course, among the very over-heated ones". During the rows, except when they involved her mother whom she loved very much, she remembers being "absolutely detached but disliking it, thinking, Oh Lord, they're at it again." Both parents died within six months of each other when she was 24.

While the idea was simmering for a long time, the form of the book came to her unexpectedly. Among the novels submitted to the *Evening Standard* for serialization was Mary Webb's *Precious Bane*. That was it. She took as her target the "agricultural school of novels. There was Mary Webb and Sheila Kaye-Smith, who always wrote about Sussex, and the Powys brothers who were great on cows and cow dung and dear old sex, of course. I forgot how many there were of the Powys brothers, there seemed about eight." She had yet

another novelist in mind when she wrote her spoof letter at the beginning of the book to Anthony Pookworthy Esq, ABS, LLR. The Associate Back Scratcher and Licensed Log Roller was Hugh Walpole, "so frightfully dramatic and heavy". She conceived the idea of marking her purple passages with stars, like Baedeker. "In such a manner did the good man deal with cathedrals, hotels and paintings by men of genius. There seems no reason why it should not be applied to passages in novels. It ought to help the reviewers, too."

And so dawn creeps over the Downs ***like a sinister white animal, followed by the snarling cries of a wind eating its way between the black boughs of the thorns. The wind was the furious voice of this sluggish animal light that was baring the dormers and mullions and scullions of *Cold Comfort Farm*.

Down at the farm fond readers all have their own favourite characters. Seth, romantic hero, star of the Beer shorn Wanderers Football Club, whose "young man's limbs, sleek in their dark male pride, seemed to disdain the covering offered them by the brief shorts and striped jersey. His body might have been naked, like his full, muscled throat, which rose, round and proud as the male organ of a flower, from the neck of his sweater."

"He is a thought too fat, but really very handsome," thought Flora, "I don't suppose he plays football any more—probably mollocks, instead."

Then there is Aunt Ada Doom who saw something nasty in the woodshed when she was two, Elsine, wild as a marsh titget in May, Meriam, the hired girl who feels so strange on the long summer evenings when the sukebind is in flower. It is with Meriam, among others, that Seth mollocks. One of the delights of the book is an invented phraseology so convincing that Stella Gibbons has had many a serious inquiry as to where the sukebind can be gathered. My own favourite is ancient Adam Lambsbreath, "listlessly dabbing at the crusted edges of the porridge-plates with a thorn twig", perhaps because when I first read it I was, as the youngest member of the family, much afflicted with washing up.

Although the book is intended as a satire of a particular literary mode, the village where I grew up in darkest Hampshire was uncannily like the satirical original. No electricity, no main drainage. Our bikes skidded in cow muck when the witch-woman set her dog on us, cursing, as we passed her gate. "Ah," I thought, with Adam, "curses like rookses, flies home" ➤



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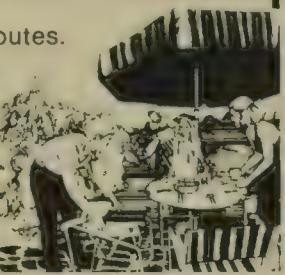
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From Cold Comfort to Highgate Hill

to rest in bosom and barns." The old herdsman at the farm was reputed to suck his daily milk straight from the cow and once on a frosty morning when my dog strayed in front of his tractor, "Let 'um be," he yelled, "O'll plough the bugger in!"

What do teenagers of today make of the book 48 years after publication? It has been chosen as an A level set book, alongside Dickens, Shakespeare, Auden and Yeats, something Stella Gibbons cannot help regarding as absurd yet immensely flattering. According to my student informant they spend a lot of time trying to read much more profound things into it than are probably there. "I think it's really funny. Our next-door neighbours are so like that. They've even got an old mother who won't let the kids go to the doctor. Weird." Weird that after so long there are still Starkadders about, that it does not seem impossibly remote, that the humour has lasted.

Is it, I wondered, irksome to be known always as the author of one book? "Definitely irksome. Especially when amiable ladies come up to me when I'm out shopping and smile and say, 'You are Miss Stella Gibbons, aren't you?' I say icily, 'I'm Mrs Webb.' Then I relent and usually end by going to tea with them." Was she lionized when she made her overnight success? "I once went to a journalists' dinner party at which the guests were announced and everybody turned round to see me come in. That was the nearest I ever got to being lionized. I was rather surprised and amused. I know it sounds as though I was unbelievably cool, but I was because, you see, it was quite other things I cared about." What things? "Oh, worthless young men, my looks. But what I really cared about was the poetry."

All her life the serious side of herself has gone into her poems. The disappointment she feels that they are not better known now is understandable when you read the original review in *John O'London's Weekly* which hailed her and Roy Campbell as "two young poets of genius". One of her rare moments of envy came when she heard Stevie Smith had won the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry. They were in the same class at the North London Collegiate School for Girls where she remembers her as "very clever, much cleverer than I was, with beautiful dark eyes, very large". They were not close friends. Stevie Smith kept herself rather apart, an unhappy person with a difficult life. (Her life remained difficult. As Stella Gibbons says, she, if anyone, deserved her prize.) But Stella Gibbons's life steadily improved, particularly with her marriage to the actor Alan Bourne Webb the year after *Cold Comfort Farm* was published. "I loved being married. I am by temperament somebody's wife and I was very happy with him for 26 years." He died in 1959.

All through, her output has been prolific; a book almost every year until 1970. "I had a very light and fatal readability. I set out to be amusing. It's a miracle that I didn't turn out absolute rot but they aren't all by any means absolute rot." None has had anything like the same popularity, none the satirical bite of *Cold Comfort Farm*. She hates psychologizing but it may be that the emotional charge that went into the creation of the nightmare Starkadder family, and made them immortal, came from the nightmare of her own childhood. With her marriage the nightmare was dispelled. She set out to amuse, not, any longer, to devastate, a chronicler of the lives of the middle class and their obsession with class distinctions. She welcomes the new classlessness of her own grandsons.

"They have appalling accents, they're very intelligent, they went to comprehensive schools, they work at manual jobs. They hate the Queen which is very irritating to me who loves her. They hate her for no reason at all. I simply say, 'You hate her because she's got lots of money.' It's different, they say, 'we don't hate her for that reason.'" At this point she was overcome with laughter at the contrariness of her grandsons. Her daughter, she says, calls her a crashing snob. And are you, I asked? She looked doubtful. "I cannot bear pretension or ugly voices. To that extent I am a snob. And I don't go for charm very much."

She loves her corner of London, the terrain between Kentish Town, Highgate and Hampstead which she has known all her life and which forms the background of such books as *The Charmers* and *Here Be Dragons*. She is bound to it by the familiarity that makes each street more than just a street. "I was out walking the other day and thinking, that's the tree I sat under with my daughter during the war when the shrapnel was falling, and there's the bit of ground where I taught my eldest grandson to climb when he was four. Every single place around has some kind of memory for me. I wouldn't live anywhere else."

She is finishing a novel now but doubts if she will try to publish it. "I only write now to please myself. Times and tastes have changed. I might have notices saying, 'This is very good for somebody of 78', which I'm not taking. Or they would say, 'It's a pity Miss Stella Gibbons couldn't give us another *Cold Comfort Farm*', which they had a habit of saying with every work I wrote and which I got very tired of."

Well, she gave us one classic of peculiarly English comedy. When the Arts Council asked if they could buy the manuscript, she could only offer them the opening page. In a fit of tidiness her husband had long since thrown the rest away. She sold it for £10. "They did murmur something about rising to a little more than that but I said no, I wanted £10 because that was what Milton was paid for *Paradise Lost*."

Trends and portents

The year that has just ended was one of mixed fortunes for travel and tourism. Oil price rises doubled the cost of aviation fuel in under 12 months, the huge fleet of DC-10 aircraft was grounded for many weeks in the height of the summer season, there were terrorist bombs in Spain, petrol shortages here and in the USA, VAT was raised in the UK from 8 per cent to 15 per cent on the threshold of the main season, the summer's weather left a lot to be desired over much of the country and we had to contend with creeping inflation. It seemed at times as if little was going right.

But there were a number of bright spots, including the strength of sterling, the upsurge in transatlantic travel from the UK, and the almost total sell-out of self-catering accommodation from tents to *de luxe* villas at home and abroad. The package tour trade, although not a sell-out, did reasonably well as far as numbers went, but as most newspapers advertised reduced price "bargain" holidays at the peak of the main season I suspect that the profits gained by some tour operators were not as good as they might have been. The reluctance of the British public to take a holiday (abroad or at home) in May or June was once again demonstrated. Indeed in the British Isles the late spring and early summer were disastrous in some areas such as the Highlands and the southwest of England. The petrol shortage, or more correctly maldistribution, was a contributing factor to this.

In the main summer season from late June to mid-September airports, car-ferry ports, railway and bus stations here and abroad were as busy as ever. There were delays to flights, some quite substantial although nothing like as bad as in 1978. But airline officials admit that delays in summer, particularly at weekends, will be with us for some years to come, as northern and central Europe's sophisticated radar and control systems are still insufficient for the popular holiday areas around the Mediterranean. As an example of this imbalance London's Heathrow airport can handle up to 59 aircraft an hour while that at Alicante, the airport for Benidorm and the Costa Blanca, can barely manage seven—and it is not well supplied with radar either.

It is also not unknown for as many as ten aircraft from various parts of Europe to arrive in Majorcan air space in as many minutes, necessitating "stacking" while the hard-pressed ground crews try to cope. The reason why they do not arrive at more convenient intervals is that there is little or no co-ordination of charter holiday flights in Europe. The delays are therefore inevitable for reasons of safety. At a travel trade conference a few months ago a proposal was put forward by Captain Roy McDougall, operations



A beach in Florida, USA. If there is any expansion in the travel industry in 1980 it will be in the American market, our travel editor predicts.

director for Britannia Airways, the UK's largest charter airline, for a European "clearing house" to sort out these flights, and I solidly endorse this.

About nine million holiday visits (of more than two nights' duration) abroad were made by British people in 1979, many of whom took two or more trips outside the UK for leisure purposes. Of this number around four million bought packages of one kind or another, the number of independent travellers again having fallen slightly. The majority of all travellers made some arrangements via travel agents.

Spain was again the leading country for inclusive holidays, but its share of that market fell from 60 per cent in the summer of 1978 to 49 per cent last year according to figures released in November by the British Holiday Index, an independent statistical body. The reasons for this decline are varied, and include rapidly rising costs, falling standards, terrorist threats and a desire to seek other venues by holidaymakers who have visited the country several times. But Spain's image as a country of bargain holidays has gone, even if it still offers some of the best-value locations in Europe.

Greece has had a good year although it was marred by over-booking in hotels in areas like Corfu and by some hoteliers taking advantage of their country's popularity and pushing up rates well beyond a reasonable limit. France, too, has done well with independent holidaymakers (and motorists in particular) who have discovered that away from the busiest areas that fair land offers a very good return for money. Camping and caravanning, both popular with the French, were high on the list with British visitors.

In spite of the earthquake in Montenegro in the late spring which affected southern resorts, Yugoslavia did remarkably well with its tourism, as did Italy, its many strikes notwithstanding. Portugal, too, recovered the ground lost because of the 1974 revolution, its

beautiful island of Madeira proving as popular in summer as in winter. Two other islands that are established British favourites, Malta and Cyprus, have likewise done well.

The transatlantic trail has been the outstanding success. Accurate figures are not available as I write but around one and a half million people will have visited the USA and Canada by the end of 1979, possibly more. Cheap fares initiated by Sir Freddie Laker with his Skytrain project were the major influence, but the fall in the value of the dollar has made both these countries much more attractive to British visitors. The potential in this market is enormous although I am quite sure that the rock-bottom air fares of last summer will not be repeated.

The travel trade has moved into the North American market in a big way although the majority of travellers go there to visit friends and relatives. Some companies have offered two weeks at Miami Beach for under £200, an amazing figure, though whether all those who snapped up these "bargains" will be happy, especially in the high humidity of southern Florida in midsummer, is another matter. But Cosmos, who entered the US market last summer for the first time, and TWA, with one of the best holiday programmes in the USA, both described 1979 as "excellent".

The scene in the UK is less happy and many hotels had a poor showing as a result of the VAT increases and the bad weather. They managed to keep their heads above water—but only just. Without overseas visitors, particularly from the Continent, it could have been disastrous. According to the British Tourist Authority the number of incoming visitors to the UK in 1979 will prove to have been around 12½ million, much the same as in 1978. I find this quite astonishing as I expected a drop, not least because of our high costs (London in particular is constantly criticized in this respect) and the

increased strength of the pound. But the visitors have poured in and will have contributed around £3,500 million to our economy.

Tourism in the UK is now a major industry although it is not always given its rightful place. Over one and a half million people throughout the country depend on it directly or indirectly for their livelihood. One overseas visitor spends as much as eight British holiday-makers within the country (a statistic which does not fill me with joy), but our overseas tourist promotion must not be slackened as competition is very strong. The British Tourist Authority would normally have expected to get around £13 million in a government grant for its 1980 activities. As I write the actual amount has not been revealed but I suspect that it might be nearer £11 million. That is a cutback at a time when more, not less, is needed. Still, tourism has to take its paring of expenditure along with everything else. I hope that private industry, particularly those businesses which do well out of the overseas visitor, will contribute more to the running of the BTA.

Inside the travel trade the big question mark is over the future of "direct selling", that is offering holidays to the public straight from the operator and avoiding the travel agent. It is an idea that in the last couple of years has leapt into prominence with Scandinavian companies like the Danish-owned Tjaereborg and the Swedish Vingresor. The bombshell as far as the industry is concerned was the arrival on the scene of Portland Holidays, a wholly owned, direct-sell subsidiary of Thomson Travel who are by far the largest tour operators in the UK and who sell most of their holidays through travel agents.

This does not mean the end of the travel agent as such. With the increase of independent travel and the likelihood of a new range of European air fares the good, well-run local travel agency will prosper, although those who are content merely to pass on the tour operators' wares with the minimum of effort will find life increasingly hard.

The coming 12 months do not present the rosiest of pictures, with predictions of recession, credit squeezes (by whatever other name they may be called) and oil shortages hovering over us. If there is any expansion at all in the travel industry in this period then it will be in the American market even though the cost of holidays and travel across the Atlantic is bound to go up. Here in the UK I hope that a good, hard look at the structure of our own tourist trade with its several national, regional and local tourist boards (overlapping in many cases) is taken both by the Government and private enterprise. In the decade that lies ahead it looks like being one of the very few areas where substantial growth can be expected. We must make the most of it.

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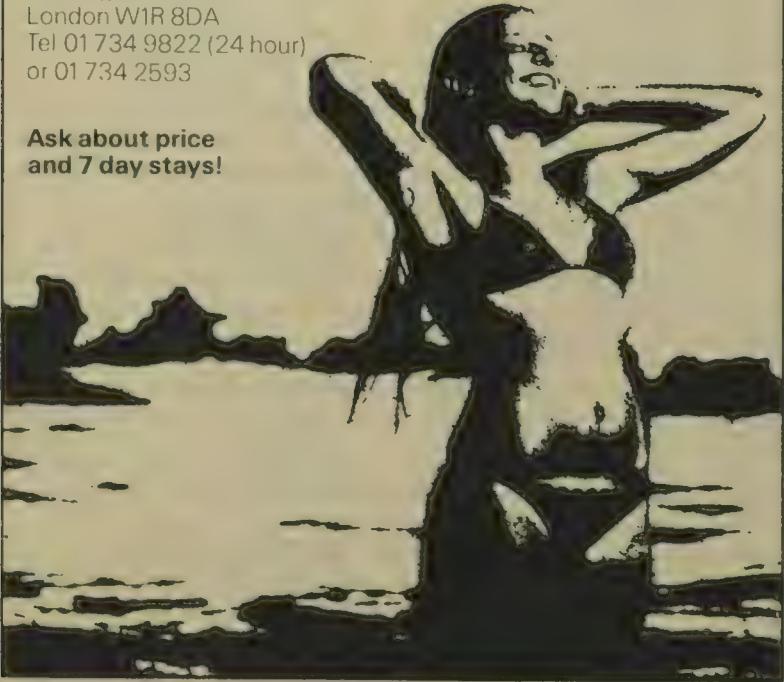
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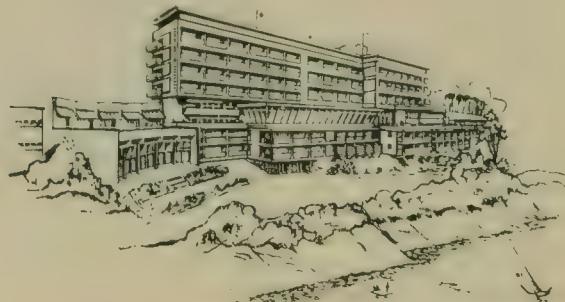
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Rural holidays in central Italy

More and more people are looking inland for their holidays to escape the pressures of over-population on Europe's crowded and often polluted beaches. On the Continent the growing demand for holidays in tranquil countryside coincides with the need to supplement farmers' incomes and make good the dereliction caused by rural depopulation.

Where the French have led the way, with their government-sponsored system of *gîtes ruraux*, the less organized Italians are now following. The Italian State Tourist Office in London can supply a list, drawn up by a semi-official organization called Agriturist, of more than 1,000 addresses for holiday accommodation on Italian farms.

The standard of Agriturist accommodation varies greatly and only some addresses have been officially inspected and approved. A few are cottages which the owners frankly describe as spartan, but they are cheap. We have now stayed in four Agriturist houses set in the classic landscapes of Tuscany and Umbria, and our experiences were wholly satisfactory and delightful.

Every Tuscan farmhouse seems to be built like a palace, each on top of its own hill and surrounded by columnar pines, silver-grey olive trees and sprawling vines. The Agriturist list includes the castle and fortified village of Gargonzola, once the centrepiece of a proud estate and now, still in the hands of its aristocratic owners, artfully restored as a complex of holiday homes.

Gargonzola was sturdily built in the 13th century and its years of dereliction have taken little toll. The houses along the cobbled streets have almost all been modernized and converted, with bright, modern, functional furniture, mezzanine galleries and fitted kitchens complementing the carefully retained features such as huge stone fireplaces, ancient beams and old bread-ovens.

In our room in the gatehouse, which accommodates short-stay visitors, two glass areas on the bedroom floor allowed us to look down on to illuminated brick pits which were once the castle granaries. Our bathroom was in the huge cellar alongside.

The village is set on a dominating spur overlooking its own forests, still populated with fallow deer and wild boar. Either might be found on the menu at the community's own restaurant in one of the converted farmhouses just outside the castle walls. Whether or not the game catch has been good there will be plentiful *pasta* and Tuscan specialities such as *rebolotto*, a strong-flavoured soup made of bread, meat broth and vegetables.

A cottage for four in Gargonzola was £117 a week in high season last year; a room in the guest-house—cell-like but attractively furnished, without self-catering facilities—was just over £11 a night for two.



Agriturist accommodation in Tuscany: top, at Gargonzola, above, at Pozzolo.

More modest and more hotel-like was Castel Nuovo, two reclaimed farmhouse remnants of ancient abbey buildings on a steep hillside overlooking the medieval city of Gubbio. Here we were waited upon by a helpful and obliging staff, and could throw back the shutters to watch buzzards hunting the grassy slopes. Behind us were high hills where in a day's walk we encountered only two woodmen with an unruly train of donkeys transporting logs, and a peasant in search of the wiry shoots of wild asparagus. At Castel Nuovo a comfortable double bedroom with private bath and full board was £11.50 a night for each person.

La Dogana was the third stopping place. We had a two-bedroomed apartment in the converted stable block of a house which had served for centuries as the papal customs house between Tuscany and Umbria. As such it had been visited by a vast range of people from Michelangelo to Goethe.

Our flat, with a cooking corner in the big living/dining-room, had a wide

view across the sedge-fringed waters of Lake Trasimene. There were new-born kids to admire in the unconverted farm buildings next door; a flock of sheep passed through the olive groves above our house every day; children played on the farm carts which stood by the drive. A flat for two at La Dogana was £59 a week in July and August.

Most convivial of all was Pozzolo, a typical Tuscan *fattoria* within half an hour's drive of both Florence and Siena. Here our hosts, Rodolfo and Giuliana Geddes, treated us like members of the family, so that we had Sunday lunch in the beamed kitchen and free run of the confusing maze of a house. Our bedroom had a grandly painted ceiling, and the dining-room had mural landscapes; the main entrance hall was filled with hunting trophies, family portraits and bicycles. Full board was £10 each a night.

The list from Agriturist gives the barest details, and it is necessary to write to the actual places for further information and to make bookings. At

each of the delightful holiday centres we visited we were agreeably surprised. Who could have known that the Geddes family would be able to supply us with fresh ewe's milk cheese from their sheep on a second farm in the "Alps of the Moon" near Arezzo; or that the little town of Castiglione Fiorentino close to La Dogana would be staging a Passion play during our stay with 400 locals in the cast?

Although occupancy rates were by no means high in April when we made our tour, every one of the Agriturist establishments was hard at work improving or extending its accommodation. Castel Nuovo was replacing showers with bathrooms; at La Dogana more of the redundant farm buildings were in the course of being converted; at Pozzolo they were putting the finishing touches to an abandoned cottage behind the main house; and in Gargonzola work was in progress on the last few cottages to be converted, while this coming season there will be more guest rooms in the old estate workshops, and a snack and coffee bar for guests whose accommodation does not have cooking facilities.

Prices for 1980 are likely to be around 12½ per cent to 15 per cent higher than last year—much will depend on the rate of exchange and on Italian inflation. Both British Airways and Alitalia have flights from London to Pisa, the most convenient jumping off point, and offer Fly-drive schemes (a car is essential for this type of holiday). If you go all the way by car it is an easy two days' driving from the Channel coast.



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Ingres the draughtsman

A great deal of lip-service has been paid to Ingres's powers as a draughtsman, and the artist's own insistence on the importance of drawing is well known. A new touring exhibition, at the Victoria and Albert Museum until February 24, offers us a chance to reassess Ingres in this respect.

It gives at least a sampling of all the different types of drawing that Ingres produced—finished and unfinished portraits, landscape drawings and sketches for compositions. Most of the material has been lent by the Musée Ingres in Montauban, and the emphasis is therefore placed on what might be called the *fonds de cuisine*—drawing towards painting, rather than drawing as an end in itself.

The material demonstrates the crucial position that Ingres occupies in the history of art. On the one hand, he is one of the last fully equipped practitioners of the old academic tradition founded by the Carracci family at the end of the 16th century, and in turn made up of elements derived from High Renaissance studio practice. On the other hand, he points directly forward to certain elements in modern art, and in particular to the draughtsmanship of Picasso, who admired him greatly.

With Ingres, an ambitious composition went through many stages. It began with a first idea, expressed in a rough schematic drawing in either pen or pencil. Then came a stage in which he tried to "document" his first idea, often using motifs and details derived from other artists. Greek vases, the Italian Primitives, Poussin, Raphael and Flaxman all made their contribution. Once a pose had been chosen it was drawn from the model, nude to begin with, and then draped. Details, such as hands or feet, would often be studied separately on the same sheet, and the limbs of the figure would be shown in different positions as the artist searched for what seemed to him the most satisfactory pose. Finally these detailed studies were combined as the basis for the finished composition.

The contemporary spectator notices two things about the figure studies which represent the penultimate stage in Ingres's creative process. First they often show an unconscious urge towards stylization, especially where the female body is concerned. Ingres elongates and twists his figures to produce an absolutely characteristic and recognizable S-curve. Second the studies usually strike us as being more satisfactory as works of art than the pictures. This is especially true of the preparatory drawings for Ingres's elaborate religious compositions. Some of the most stunning of these relate to paintings such as *The Martyrdom of St Symphorian* and *The Virgin with the Host* which now, like most 19th-century religious art, strike us as being almost totally lifeless.



Ingres's 1816 drawing of John Woodhead, his wife Harriet and her brother Henry Comber, currently on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

What we seem to see at work in these drawings is a process of displacement or replacement. The nude study for a mounted centurion, made as part of the preparatory work for *The Martyrdom of St Symphorian*, is one of Ingres's most masterly performances as a draughtsman. Equally good is the nude study for the figure of the Saint's father. At a first glance the resemblance to similar studies made for similar purposes by Annibale Carracci, the greatest of the Bolognese academic school, is striking. But when you look closer you see that Ingres's figures tend to have more independent life than those by Annibale. The drawing has so much density, so much fullness of feeling, that it sets up a barrier against its own fulfilment in paint. The fulfilment, so to speak, is there already.

It is interesting to compare these studies, made for the painter's private use, with the portrait drawings he produced for sale. These portrait drawings were produced in his earlier years, and especially during his stay in Rome from 1806 to 1820. They can be divided into two series. In the earlier we find likenesses of friends and relations, done at a time when the French were politically dominant in Italy. In the later, pro-

duced after 1814 when the French government in Rome collapsed, we find portraits of visiting Englishmen and Englishwomen, now once again able to visit Rome on the Grand Tour. The drawings from this second series are now apt to strike us as particularly fine, though the artist himself never seems to have valued them greatly.

One of the interesting things about these drawings is the fact that though they are unique in quality they are not so in type. Mostly the things to which we can relate them are English—drawings by Lawrence, Cosway, even John Downman, all of whom produced dandified portrait studies showing the same type of fashionable sitter. The quality that makes Ingres's versions superior to the rest is not merely a more sophisticated compositional sense, but the much greater solidity of the figures. Put beside him, his English rivals look naïve and two-dimensional.

The effect is achieved by an interesting combination of line and tone. Ingres puts the emphasis on the bounding contour, but fills in the forms sufficiently to give them density and a sense of volume. He makes striking constructional use of small details of clothing—a fashionable striped shawl will give

shape to a shoulder and then to a knee.

Nevertheless, compared to the studies made for his own use, the portrait drawings made for sale look artificial. I think that it was this very artificiality that appealed to Picasso, and to some extent to Matisse, who also seems to have been influenced by Ingres's draughtsmanship. Both Picasso and Matisse learned from Ingres how to construct volume out of pure line. They also learned the value of certain kinds of expressive distortion.

Ingres is not always wholly conscientious about integrating the various parts of his figures when the overall design demands some alteration. For example, the nude woman seated on the ground who figures prominently in *The Turkish Bath*, one of the most famous of Ingres's compositions, is represented in the current show by a detailed study in oil on paper. In this the artist shows two alternative positions for the right arm—one lying along the model's thigh, the other raised above her head. In its second position (which is the one Ingres chose for the finished picture) the arm is not properly integrated to the torso, and this fault is retained in the completed work.

Degas, who must be regarded as Ingres's chief immediate heir in the latter part of the 19th century, would never have allowed such a fault to pass without correction, and it is to Degas in particular that we must compare the studies that Ingres made, not as finished works for sale, but as preliminary stages for some ambitious composition. Degas's own early drawings, for example the preparatory sketches for *The Young Spartans*, now in the National Gallery, London, are heavily dependent on Ingres, for whom Degas throughout his life had an enormous respect. But Degas, who is arguably an even greater draughtsman than Ingres, shows an interesting evolution as his work develops. He begins with the idea that such studies, showing the body in its most informal and unselfconscious moments, must nevertheless be integrated into some carefully calculated formal composition. Then he begins to discover that there are other kinds of calculation—that it is possible to preserve an air of unselfconsciousness in designs which are integrated according to different and subtler principles—some learned from the camera, others from fashionable Japanese prints.

The current exhibition shows Ingres less as the absolute master which he once appeared to be and more as a transitional figure, in the process of abandoning one attitude towards art (systematic and conventional) in favour of something much more personal and expressive. Anyone who loves draughtsmanship ought to see it, as it is one of the most revealing shows of its sort to have been available to the public in recent years in this country.

Kissinger's first instalment

by Robert Blake

The White House Years

by Henry Kissinger
Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Michael Joseph, £14.95

This gigantic book—over 1,500 pages if we include the index—is only the first part of Dr Kissinger's memoirs, for it ends at the beginning of 1973 with peace in Vietnam and President Nixon's second Inaugural. There is much else still to tell—the Watergate saga, the collapse of South Vietnam, above all, for British readers, the extraordinary Rhodesia initiative. One cannot help feeling that it would have been better to publish even the first instalment in more than a single volume, and perhaps allocate four to the whole story. However, the decision has been taken, and there can be no doubt that, even if sheer bulk makes it awkward for bedside reading, the book is fascinating, brilliantly written and full of memorable pen portraits. It is an absorbing study of American diplomacy by one of its most remarkable practitioners.

Dr Kissinger is by profession a historian, and the work that first made his name, *A World Restored*, published in 1964, is a study of Metternich and Castlereagh which is well worth reading for its own sake, even if the author had not later become such a famous figure. He has to a high degree the power of organizing his narrative, disentangling the threads of complex problems, observing the wood as well as the trees, depicting character and compelling the reader to read on. There is a Thucydidean or Clarendonian quality about this history of his own times which can only excite admiration, although it is important to remember that, like those famous figures, Dr Kissinger, too, has a case to make.

The case is his conviction that America and the free world in general are faced with an unswerving, adamantine enemy devoted to their destruction. Soviet Russia and its puppet or fellow-travelling allies have to be treated with perpetual suspicion and ceaseless vigilance. There is no point in trying to woo some sort of "moderate" opinion in the Kremlin, no point in fearing that intransigence will strengthen the hawks against the doves. If such moderates exist at all—which is doubtful—their hand will be reinforced, not weakened, by a policy which shows the hawks the dangers of pushing their luck too far, and which indicates the penalties of aggression and the rewards of restraint. The confrontation between America and Russia has to be seen in global terms.

The most sensational move in this subtle and complicated game was President Nixon's visit to China in 1972. The chapter describing this episode is one of the most interesting in

the book. Dr Kissinger refers to the "tacit understandings" that arose from the visit. "They provided the foundation for a common if informal strategy, by which different—even clashing—purposes produced an extraordinary parallelism in action. It was a triumph of the intangible in foreign policy." But the author can quickly move from global, geopolitical *haute politique* to some home truths about the Press corps. "Maddened by a week without briefings, driven around the bend by endless banquets and deadly toasts, perhaps convinced in their hearts that nothing good could possibly come from a Nixon initiative, satiated but unstimulated, they fell on the Shanghai Communiqué like tigers on raw meat thrown into their cages." Excellent stuff—and there is a great deal more of it.

As befits an admirer of Castlereagh and Metternich, Dr Kissinger believes above all else in *realpolitik*. Sentimentality is the bugbear in foreign policy. Emotion, moral indignation, "do-gooding"—these are the obstacles to be avoided or overcome. The trouble is that in a democracy they cannot be disregarded. If the American political system were like that of its implacable rival, no doubt the policy of a Kissinger or a Nixon could be more successfully pursued. But it is not. Metternich was the Minister of an autocratic emperor. Castlereagh was the Foreign Secretary of a Tory government so firmly ensconced as to be virtually irremovable, although even he was subject to a degree of obloquy which weakened his position, and perhaps contributed to his ultimate insanity and suicide.

There were two snags in what can be called the Kissinger-Nixon policy, for it should not be forgotten that Nixon was anything but a puppet and that he contributed as much as his Security Adviser. The first snag was the rebellion of public opinion produced by the Vietnam war. Rightly or wrongly a generation, largely from the affluent liberal world, came to see it as the symbol of everything they most detested. It is clear that in his next volume Dr Kissinger is going to argue that American force would have kept South Vietnam afloat even if the North reneged on its commitments and that only the paralysis caused by Watergate enabled Hanoi to win. It must be said in advance that public opinion would almost certainly have prevented this sort of intervention, Watergate or not.

The other snag was that, in the effort to block Soviet advance, the Kissinger policy involved backing some very dubious allies, Yahya Khan, Anastasio Somoza, even the Shah of Iran whose early liberalism was transformed into tyranny without discouragement from Washington. These manifestations had their effect on American opinion. "Democracy," an eminent diplomat observed, "is the curse of diplomacy." True, but the maker of foreign policy in a democratic country should take account of it, though he may curse it.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

A Genoese Fancy

by David Hughes
Constable, £5.50

Florence Avenue

by Elizabeth North
Gollancz, £4.95

A Prize Paradise

by Oliver Pritchett
Eyre Methuen, £4.95

everyone else has ignored. He has sacrificed everything to make the world fit for Lionel to live in and has not done so in vain. The boy agrees to accompany him on a trip to Flanders, and seems likely to drop his objections to going up to Oxford.

A Genoese Fancy is a profoundly truthful and very funny novel about a middle-aged man and his nephew growing up together, and David Hughes displays a masterly touch in capturing the pathos and the farcical absurdity of their experience of life.

Florence Avenue is a curiously hybrid affair. The narrator, Monica, refers to her account of the lives of her circle of friends in Yorkshire as her memoirs. Her first-person narration carries a note of insistent chatter with the odd effect of a voice-over commentary. She, her husband Joel and their friends write poetry and novels and like to talk about life, work and art. Only they do not seem as free to do so as they used to be because, as survivors of the golden age of the 1960s with its self-fulfilling life-styles, they are not coping too well with the unfriendly 70s (the author's reputation for precision in establishing period detail is evidently well deserved). While, as she remarks in "another footnote", Monica really intended to tell us all about their creative lives, she can hardly find time to do more than mention "that on Friday usually I work on haikus or translating Horace, something of that kind". Real life gets in the way—reconciling feminist principles with love for one's husband, concern for a free-ranging daughter with a boyfriend who attempts suicide, violence in a local club, and so on. Miss North touches on all this in a random, foggy sort of way and by the end of a short book we seem to have been given notes for a novel rather than a solid, finished product.

Whether it is true or not that the English derive more pleasure than the rest of mankind from laughing at themselves, there is no doubt that the idea of the Englishman abroad still has immense appeal for the comic writer. He may be a determined lotus-eater, a wistful exile or someone hanging on to the vestiges of authority, but he is unlikely to avoid getting into amusing or embarrassing scrapes. Oliver Pritchett's story *A Prize Paradise* is set on the West Indian island of St Agnes where the even tenor of the pleasant life of Overseas Citrus executives is rudely disturbed by the arrival of Arthur and Ann Brockham. They are the winners of the London office's "Ten-Day Caribbean Paradise Holiday for Two" competition, and their presence on the island brings marital, financial and other kinds of confusion to the company's staff. The British Consul makes a fool of himself and drowns in the swimming pool, and the company finds itself suddenly nationalized. Considering the excesses to which comic zest might have led the author he handles his joke with commendable restraint.

The magnificent seven

by James Bishop

The Right Stuff

by Tom Wolfe
Jonathan Cape, £6.95

In the early 1960s seven young Americans were chosen as astronauts for the Mercury programme to launch men into space. They instantly became a focus of public attention, packaged heroes of the New Frontier, symbols of American determination to win the space race, and recipients of some of the most remarkable experiments that modern medical and scientific invention could devise. They also became, for a time, rather rich.

The right stuff of the title was what an older generation would probably have called *sang-froid*. It was an essential element, apparently, in all American fighter pilots, and of the astronauts, though as a quality it was never defined, nor was it talked about in any way. A young man going into flight training might think he was entering some sort of technical school to acquire a certain set of skills. Instead he found himself in a fraternity divided between those who had it and those who did not. "It", the right stuff, clearly involved bravery, but it was not bravery in the simple sense of being willing to risk your life. Any fool could do that, notes Mr Wolfe. "No, the idea here (in the all-enclosing fraternity) seemed to be that a man should have the ability to go up in a hurtling piece of machinery and put his hide on the line and then have the moxie, the reflexes, the experience, the coolness, to pull it back in the last yawning moment—and then go up again *the next day*, and the next day, and every next day, even if the series should prove infinite... A career in flying was like climbing one of those ancient Babylonian pyramids made up of a dizzy progression of steps and ledges, a zig-zag, a pyramid extraordinarily high and steep; and the idea was to prove at every foot of the way up that pyramid that you were one of the elected and anointed ones who had *the right stuff* and could move higher and higher and even—ultimately, God willing, one day—that you might be able to join that special few at the very top, the élite who had the capacity to bring tears to men's eyes, the very Brotherhood of the Right Stuff itself."

The selection of the astronauts created a new élite in this brotherhood, though this was not at first appreciated by those who volunteered. There were doubts about the system—it was not really flying, after all, and the agonies on this score were intensified when it was learnt that the first flight was in fact to be made by a monkey. But the intensity of public interest, the extraordinary tests that the candidates were



These photographs of a sleeping child and of Sir John Rothenstein in the storage department of the Tate Gallery are from *Personal View*, a book of Lord Snowdon's photographs published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson at £10.

forced to go through before selection, and the eventual dramas of the space flights themselves, ensured that they became a new group of the Brotherhood, to be superseded later by the even more élite band who went to the moon.

From the detail provided by Mr Wolfe there can be no doubt that each of the seven Mercury men—John Glenn, Alan Shepard, Scott Carpenter, Gordon Cooper, Walter Schirra, Gus Grissom and Deke Slayton—earned their brief terms at the summit of the pyramid of all-American heroes. Not only did they have to go through the ordeals of space flight and the training it involved, and with knowledge that at that time they were following in the wake of the Russians, but they and their families were subjected to the re-

morseless interest of the American and the world's Press and television, and they were themselves scrutinized almost to breaking point by the space programme doctors and psychiatrists. In this cause they were required, the author tells us, to give themselves enemas, to produce regular stool specimens, to masturbate into tubes so that their sperm counts could be measured, to describe (to shrinks with notebooks) what they saw on a blank sheet of paper. Those who said "a blank sheet of paper" were evidently marked as having "inhibited imaginative capacity"; the candidate who said "But it's upside down" would get cheers from most of us, particularly when the psychiatrist looked down at the paper to see if it was true, but he did not make it to become one of the mag-

nificent seven.

As will have become evident, Mr Wolfe's book describes the lives of the Mercury astronauts in great detail, and if the reader ultimately concludes, like the young reviewer of a book on another subject, that *The Right Stuff* tells us more about the astronauts than we really want to know, there is no denying its excitement and readability. Mr Wolfe writes like an American journalist, which he is, and paces his book with the skill of a novelist, which he also is. At times we may wonder which attribute predominates, but so powerful is the narrative that we do not pause long enough to worry about it.

An Actor and his Time

by John Gielgud
Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.95

One of the great broadcasting delights of recent years was the long series of interviews given by Sir John Gielgud, in the course of which he recalled many episodes of his own life in the theatre, with graphic descriptions and witty character-sketches of some of the other theatre people with whom he worked. This book is in effect a written regeneration of those broadcasts, with many good photographs and a Gielgud-Terry family tree which resembles more a hedge since it only goes back three generations, but has to include the eleven children of Benjamin Terry. As always, Gielgud is wonderfully entertaining, and it is useful to have so many of his recollections down in print. But one cannot help missing the unique voice, and that elegant and expressive pause before a final line.

Tightening the fuel belt

Car design and manufacture throughout the 1980s will be dominated by the need to save energy. Governments, the world's automotive industry and the men and women who drive its products now realize that the oil crisis of 1973-74 was no passing phase but a foretaste of things to come. Oil will become scarcer and dearer; cars must become more economical.

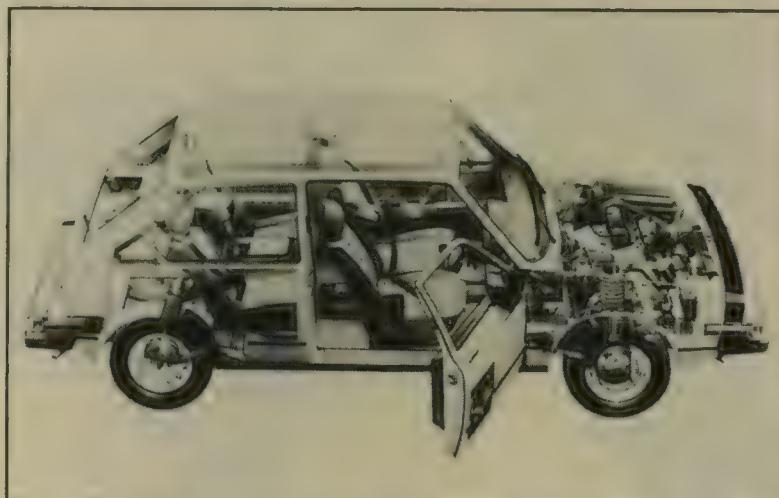
At present there is no effective alternative to oil-derived products as automotive fuel. In a few special cases, where climatic and economic conditions are particularly favourable as in Brazil and some parts of SE Asia, alcohol produced from crops like sugar can replace petrol. In Europe, the US and other major industrialized countries there is, literally, no substitute for oil.

The oil we shall burn in our cars may be in the form of petrol, diesel fuel or liquid petroleum gas (LPG), mainly refined from crude oil. But by the end of the 1980s synthetic oil, produced from coal and then refined into petrol and diesel, will become a significant motor fuel.

Electric cars, advocated for so long by environmental and conservational interests, will be of marginal importance at best in the next decade. I doubt that a realistically priced alternative to the old-fashioned lead/acid accumulator will appear and while 250 kilograms of battery are needed to contain the energy of less than 5 kilos of petrol the electric car will remain a curiosity. In any case, powering a car with storage batteries that have to be charged with electricity generated in stations that waste nearly 70 per cent of the fuel they consume makes little sense.

The car has become much cleaner environmentally in the last decade. Work to remove still more of the disagreeable constituents of internal combustion engine exhausts will continue, but, as they are relatively clean already, their further purification will become more difficult. One hopes that the American phobia for reducing emissions will not spread to Europe. Already the "clean" US engine uses far more petrol than it need. A sensible balance has to be struck between what is desirable in theory and what is practical.

The petrol engine, which will run on LPG or a petrol/alcohol mixture with almost no modification and on pure alcohol if considerably adapted, is capable of being made more economical than at present, provided some constraints on performance are accepted. Turbo-supercharging, which increases power by 30 per cent and torque (the measure of an engine's propulsive power at a given speed), will become very popular in the 1980s. A turbocharger is a pump coupled to a turbine which is driven by exhaust gas which normally goes to waste. By forcing more air into the cylinders it allows



The trend-setting IRVW Volkswagen hatchback, based on the present Golf. Its turbo-supercharged diesel engine gives it a top speed of 90 mph and a fuel consumption of up to 70 miles per gallon; and the seat belts automatically wrap round the occupants as they close the doors.

more petrol to be burned when needed for acceleration or hill climbing.

That may sound counter-productive but in practice it allows a smaller capacity engine to be used. For example, the 2 litre-engined Saab 900 has the speed and top gear acceleration one expects of a 3 litre-engined car of similar size yet, sensibly driven, it is far more economical. Turbocharging is particularly effective on diesel engines, which many car makers believe will be the power unit of the future. The only car makers who are less than enthusiastic about the diesel engine are those who have not developed a suitable one at present.

Volkswagen, who have converted a 1½ litre petrol engine into what is generally accepted as the best small diesel engine in existence, say that perhaps 50 per cent of their cars will be diesel powered by the end of the 1980s. Few British motorists will have driven a diesel car and may well imagine them to be noisy, rough, smelly and under-powered. They are none of these things today. Apart from a clatter when cold starting and a deep, chuckling kind of tick-over, the Golf diesel is hardly different from a petrol engine to drive. The main distinction lies in its fuel consumption, which varies from less than half that of a petrol engine on short urban trips to about 25 per cent less on long, fast motorway runs.

In Volkswagen's view—and many of their rivals would agree with this prediction—the typical car of the late 1980s will be a four- to five-seater which will average 70 miles to the gallon and be as quiet as a Rolls-Royce. It will look much the same as today's family hatchback, though small alterations will reduce its air resistance at speed, and thus its fuel consumption. It will be anything up to 20 per cent lighter than a same-sized car of today, through the use of constructional materials like reinforced plastics and aluminium. The engine, almost cer-

tainly a turbocharged diesel, will be encapsulated in sound-absorbing materials so that it is virtually inaudible. Though no larger outside, the car will have more interior space through better packaging of the mechanics and the elimination of the spare wheel.

Although the electric car is likely to remain a non-starter, the electronic car is only round the corner. It will use micro-processors (silicon chips) in a way already being pointed by American manufacturers like General Motors, and in Europe by BMW and Talbot. The latest BMW 732 has micro-processors that monitor every revolution of the engine's crankshaft and control the fuel injection system so that the minimum amount of petrol is used. The BMW 732 uses up to 10 per cent less petrol than its predecessor yet has superior performance. In the Talbot Horizon the micro-processor is used solely in a monitoring role at present. At the touch of a button it gives the driver such information as what the average fuel consumption has been on a journey and what speed he must maintain to get to his destination on schedule. Car electronics is in its infancy. Within a few years electronics will control the engine and transmission so effectively that all the driver will have to do is steer and stop the car.

Conventional dials on the fascia will have been replaced by digital read-outs and by "head up displays". The driver will see information not only about the car itself but also advice about weather, traffic conditions and the best route to take, projected as a phantom image through the screen in his line of sight.

Immense strides have been made, especially by the European motor industry, in the last ten years to make cars safer to their occupants. Primary safety—the ability to prevent a hazardous situation from developing into an accident—has been enhanced by improvements to steering, brakes and

tyres. Secondary safety, by which is meant the ability of the car to protect its occupants in a crash, has also been transformed. Cars now collapse at a scientifically controlled rate fore and aft and in so doing reduce the forces acting on the people inside. It is now common for drivers and passengers to walk away from accidents that ten years ago would have almost certainly been fatal, providing they have been wearing seat belts. There is no better protection than the lap and diagonal seat belt. Self-wrapping seat belts, already fitted to some cars sold in the USA, will become commonplace in the 1980s.

Two further areas of safety advance will be in making cars more protective of their occupants in sideways-on collisions, and less aggressive to pedestrians unfortunate enough to get in their way.

The large-engined, fuel-wasteful car will not survive the 1980s. In the USA the gas-guzzling monster is already meeting great sales resistance and the motor industry is "down-sizing" as fast as it can. Some of the latest small-to-medium American cars with front-wheel drive and transverse engines are so thoroughly "European" in size and fuel consumption as to pose an economic threat to the European motor industry. Due to the vast numbers in which they are made for their home market, they can be exported to left-hand drive countries, crammed with luxury equipment, to sell at highly competitive prices. In the 1980s we may well see the car export flow across the Atlantic begin to change direction.

And what of prices? They can only go up. What the family car of 1990 will cost is anyone's guess. Inherently, it will be a more expensive car than its 1980 counterpart because it will have more sophisticated equipment, especially electronic equipment, fitted as standard. Robot production lines will reduce the labour content but the raw materials of a car, and the energy used in its manufacture, will inevitably become dearer.

To look at the prices of typical family cars of ten years ago and compare them with today's prices is to provide a clue. In January, 1970, a Mini cost £596, a Cortina 1300 two-door £830, a Jaguar XJ6 4.2 litre £2,537 and a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow £7,959. Their equivalents today cost £2,404, £3,503, £14,609 and £36,652 respectively, an increase of between 400 per cent (the Mini) and 575 per cent (the Jaguar XJ6 4.2).

Under the baleful influences of inflation, dearer energy and the disinclination of Europeans to work on moving assembly tracks, prices will probably maintain their proportionate increase over the next ten years. The very idea of a £2,400 Mini would have seemed totally absurd to the car buyer of 1970. A £10,000 Mini in 1990 must seem equally inconceivable today. But it would come as no surprise to me.

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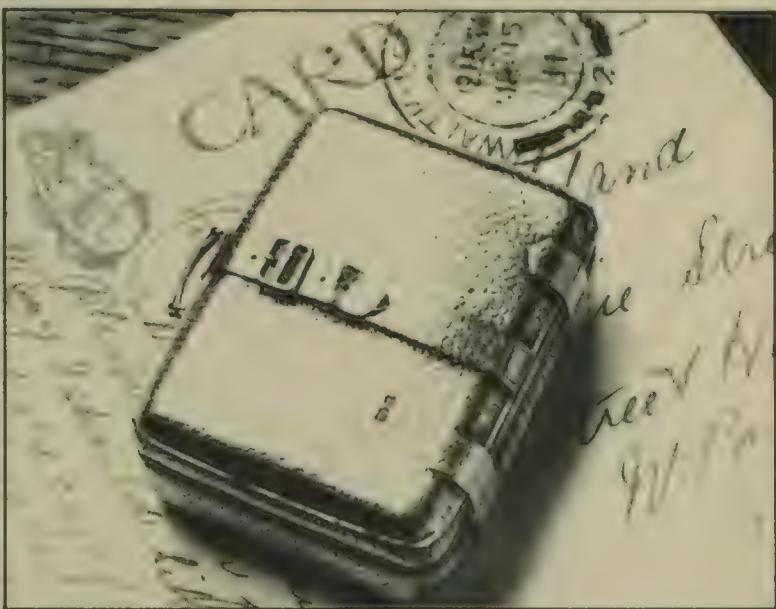
Modern jewelry in Hampstead

H. Knowles-Brown in Hampstead High Street (no 27) is a family business dating back to 1891 and specializing in watches, clocks and timepieces, and in jewelry antique and modern. A grandson and a great-grandson of the founder now run the delightful shop, which dates from the first decades of the 18th century or earlier and which retains original features such as the kitchen range in the basement. Visitors there can see Peter Knowles-Brown's collection of tiaras, each of which was bought for between £5 and £7.50, and his son Andrew's collection of over 100 antique stick pins.

Knowles-Brown also provides a permanent showcase for the Designer Jewellers Group, examples of whose work are illustrated here. The Group includes artist craftsmen creating one-off pieces or limited editions, and manufacturing designer jewellers; they work separately but co-operate for special promotions.

Besides the designers whose pieces are illustrated, other members of the Group include Clive Cooke, Tony Laws, Celia Over, Gillian Packard, Steve Rider and Roger Taylor, all of whom work in London; and Alsop-McConnachie from South Yorkshire, Peter Hauffe from Sussex, Jean Mallan from Hampshire, Brian Marshall from Cornwall, Simon Muris from Yorkshire, Peter Page from Wiltshire, Cathy Stephens from Leicestershire. Their styles are as diverse as their places of work are dispersed, despite the fact that they all work in the modern idiom, and their modern pieces may be compared with the antique jewelry alongside.

Below, silver cherub thimble by Shirley Frost, £22.50; silver spiral bead and pressed amber bead necklace by Brian Asquith Associates—not for sale but to order in beads of choice from £145. Top right, silver and gold suitcase pill box by Karel Bartosik, £317. Right, 18-carat gold collar with diamond, peridot and sliced agate pendant by Jeanne Werge-Hartley, £1,438; 18-carat gold and diamond ring by Stephen Maer, £460. Bottom right, hair comb in titanium, tantalum and niobium by Ann Marie Shillito, £52.



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One soufflé, one lampoon

I have no wish to tell Laurence Olivier his business. All the same I do wish he could find cinematic vehicles a little more worthy of his vast talents than George Roy Hill's *A Little Romance*. Based on a novel whimsically entitled *E=MC², Mon Amour*, it is the story of a 13-year-old Parisian boy and American girl who meet up with a superannuated fabulist and pickpocket who tells them that lovers who kiss under the Bridge of Sighs in Venice at sunset will love each other for ever. Although these are bright kids they believe the old man's story and, in company with him, set off for Venice.

Olivier, of course, plays the old yarn-spinner and though he is a little frailer than of yore it is always pleasant to see him in action. Roguishly he rolls his eyes as he tells the kids huge whoppers at Parisian café tables. About to be apprehended with the children at a Veronese hotel, he pinches a tray from a waiter and sneaks archly by. And he manages to make something oddly moving of the moment when the runaway heroine's father catches up with him in Venice and asks where his daughter is. "At this moment she is in a gondola going under the Bridge of Sighs" (sic) says Olivier giving the line a falling cadence that suggests sweet music at the close.

But although Olivier's profound humanity and mimetic vigour are worth the price of admission, the film itself is a pretty improbable affair. The two 13-year-olds are personably played by Thelonious Bernard and Diane Lane but since they have such mounainously high IQs it is a bit hard to believe in their dreamy Venetian escapade. The rather creaky subplot, in which the girl's mother fools around with a pseud film director while her father remains ineffably wise and understanding, is also insufficiently explored to make much sense.

The film is, in fact, a heavy soufflé: runaway children, picturesque locations in Paris, Verona and Venice, some strained comedy as when the kids and the old man elude the Italian police by posing as participants in a bicycle race. All one will remember in a year or so's time is the sight of Olivier, his clothes now hanging on him a little loosely, twinkling vivaciously at Longchamps or gazing at the embracing children at the end like an old mother-hen surveying her chicks.

Meanwhile, on the home front, *Monty Python's Life of Brian* is the much loved television team's latest attempt to grapple with the demands of the cinema. It is patchily successful: good sequences jostle with bad. But, although it is not likely to win any good taste award, I think one should absolve it from the charge made by Malcolm Muggeridge and the Bishop of Southwark on BBC TV that it is a vile, blasphemous parody of the Incarnation. I

took it to be a satire on blind, unthinking worship whether of deities or rabble-rousing politicians. It quite specifically urges one to think for oneself and retain one's individuality.

But I think the film lacks coherent detail and the courage to build on an idea. For most of the first half it is about Brian's involvement with a ramshackle political organization called the Judean People's Front that wants to get rid of the Roman oppressor (the year is AD 33) but hopes to do it by sitting round a table passing resolutions: some good malevolent fun here at the expense of left-wing authoritarian muddle. But halfway through, the hapless Brian escapes from pursuing centurions by posing as a Boring Prophet who instantly builds up a mass following. What should be the intellectual core of the film (the people's hunger for belief —any old belief) is passed over in a matter of minutes as if the Pythons are afraid of losing their audience by developing an idea.

However, there are some good moments: John Cleese as a pedagogic Roman centurion correcting the grammar in Brian's wall-daub of "Romans Go Home"; Terry Jones as Brian's Mum, a grotesque, sagging-breasted Mère Ubu figure, telling a crowd of adherents, "He's not the Messiah—he's just a very naughty boy"; and Michael Palin as the Roman Governor reducing an epic movie crowd to hysterics by his failure to pronounce his "r"s. By carefully distancing Brian from Jesus the film avoids getting to real intellectual grips with the Christian religion. What one has is a lampoon on blinkered, total faith of any kind and, in essence, a plea for bourgeois individualism. In fact, far from being a radical or outre film it is, in the last resort, a deeply conservative one filled with a typical English distrust of causes or ideologies.

Finally, a quick round-up of current film books. Harry Medved's *The Fifty Worst Movies of All Time* (Angus & Robertson, £7.95) misses out some obvious candidates, particularly Hollywood musical biographies, but it is a wonderful conversation-starter and a reminder of some real stinkers like *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians* and *Godzilla vs the Smog Monster*. On the other hand Clive Hirschhorn's *The Warner Bros Story* (Octopus Books, £9.95) is a reminder of many excellent movies, particularly from the 1940s, and a superb piece of cinematic scholarship that covers every single movie turned out by the studio from 1925 onwards. F. Maurice Speed's *Film Review 1979-80* (W. H. Allen, £7.50) is a valuable work of reference that includes good articles on specialist subjects such as "The Influence of German Expressionism on Cinema". Books about the cinema are these days often very good. It is a pity the movies do not always live up to them.

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In the grand manner

In these days what used to be called a "standing ovation" is kept, as a rule, for the first night of a musical. Personally, I have always wanted to rise and cheer a dramatist who thinks in terms of the theatre theatrical and refuses to despise the "stagey" effect. Unluckily, few go about this in the right way; though they do not mind embarrassing verbal boldness, that is not the same thing as a genuine dramatic *coup*. Hence my delight now in Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus* (National; Olivier), a narrative, in terms unflinchingly theatrical, which allows Paul Scofield, as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's enemy, Salieri, to give the performance of the year.

Mr Shaffer has been criticized, I believe, on the ground that, even if Mozart was a deplorable little man in private life, the gap between his genius and his distressing social and verbal habits is not a matter for the stage. Certainly he behaves in *Amadeus* like an obscene child, but in the context we can accept this, and Simon Callow's uncompromising realization, for the sake of the play's dramatic surge, Peter Hall's production and Scofield's marvellous control.

Antonio Salieri, a routine but fashionable composer, was an official favourite at the Emperor Joseph II's court in Vienna during the Age of Enlightenment. Historically, he has long been suspected of having poisoned Mozart. Mr Shaffer's piece, a speculation about a speculation, is an absorbing study of what might have been. In the theatre we can accept anything—I am not seeking to undervalue a fine play—in gratitude for Scofield's astonishing protean accomplishment, the use of his risted, mica-glittering voice, and his inquiry into Salieri's mind. Stricken though he is by jealousy's raging fever, he knows without reserve that Mozart is a God-given genius. I do not presume to say how historically plausible Shaffer's idea may be; I know only that Scofield looms across the night with a portrait that is at once magnificently of the theatre and of life: the quality of the direction intensifies it.

That—away from the classical repertory—is the stage in its grand manner. Near at hand, in the National's Cottesloe, there is another example of the theatrical imagination, far smaller in scale but enough to stir a sensitive watcher. Keith Dewhurst, in *Candleford*, is again remembering Flora Thompson's autobiographical trilogy. These books were about a lost rustic Oxfordshire of nearly a century ago; already we have had the single crowded day of *Lark Rise*, the original narrative inventively telescoped, and now, under the changing sky-cloth of the Cottesloe, we have *Candleford*, based on the two final books. Here the girl Laura is 14 and a clerk at a village post office, run with agreeably stern decorum by a postmistress who is ver-

satile enough to own the local smithy. It is a "promenade" production, again under Bill Bryden and Sebastian Graham-Jones, which means that those who do not choose to sit upstairs are back in the 1880s, swung hither and thither with the crowd on the ground floor. All is strongly and sympathetically theatrical, the last moments most of all when, between the ranked villagers, Laura (who is Flora Thompson herself) walks out from Candleford across the years. Valerie Whittington's gravity is affecting.

We should be back to the true grand manner in the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, but unfortunately the Stratford-upon-Avon production is tragic in another sense, as luckless as anything the RSC has done for a long time. Casting is willful; only Ben Kingsley's Brutus lives in the responsive mind, and Mark Antony's oration sounds like the plea of a not especially eloquent orator in the factory yard. Throughout, we are far from the high Roman fashion.

On the other side, the same director, Barry Kyle, has revitalized his Stratford *Measure for Measure* of 1978, now at the Aldwych and cast more appropriately. David Suchet and Sinead Cusack join Michael Pennington's Duke; the night is as properly proportioned as absorbing. No effort is made to turn the Duke's final proposal to Isabella—obviously a piece of plot-cobbling—into something of vast psychological importance.

The grand manner would be a bad joke in *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* (Criterion). In this the titular figure clearly sees himself as a great amorous; what the audience sees is the middle-aged owner of a New York fish restaurant caught with three unfortunate assignations. Neil Simon, a resolutely professional American dramatist, has not sought any complicated construction; he gives an act to each of the dates and leaves it at that. The dialogue is serviceably brisk; Lee Montague, with one despairing outbreak, spends much of the night in patient bewilderment; and, divertingly, Susan Engel, Georgina Hale and Bridget Turner help to disillusion him: they are respectively terse and single-minded, scattily incorrigible and testily melancholic.

Stage Struck, at the Vaudeville, is by so admired a dramatist as Simon Gray, who has had poor luck lately with better plays than this. It contains some jolting shocks, enough blood for Caesar's murder, and a good deal of farcical-cynical dialogue. The principal figure is a minor actor with a much more eminent actress-wife, and Mr Gray has his fun with the profession. But, in spite of the vigour of Alan Bates and Nigel Stock, the whole affair is flamboyantly theatrical in the wrong way, a mixture of incompatibles. No room for the grand manner. Bad manners—yes.

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Treasures of the past

The Wexford Festival's exploration of almost forgotten treasures of the operatic past this season spanned the century from Spontini's *La Vestale* (1807) to Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei tre re* (1913), pausing midway to pay tribute to one of the last examples of 19th-century *opera buffa*, *Crispino e la comare*, by the Ricci brothers, which had its first performance in Venice in 1850.

Luigi Ricci, who was born in Naples in 1805, had a string of successful comic operas to his credit before he took his younger brother Federico into partnership in 1835. The collaboration continued intermittently for 15 years, reaching its peak with *Crispino e la comare*, which had a libretto by Piave, author of three of Verdi's early works, based on an 18th-century Neapolitan farce the butt of whose humour was the medical profession. The hero, Crispino, is a cobbler, not of the philosophical Hans Sachs kind, but a penniless failure who is about to throw himself into a well when out pops a kind of fairy godmother—*la comare*. She endows him with healing powers in order to have her revenge on the physicians of Venice, who are portrayed as a bunch of risible incompetents, and Crispino makes his fortune.

Although much fun is made of two caricatured doctors and Crispino has to be taught a lesson when success goes to his head, the comedy is good-humoured and is supported by a score rich in rhythmic variety and well served with tuneful solos, duets and ensembles, including a vivid patter trio in the style of Donizetti. The conductor, James Judd, maintained a fast and furious pace and the Radio Telefis Eireann Symphony Orchestra played with zest, but the cornerstone of the performance was Sesto Bruscantini's sparkling portrayal of Crispino, which depended on his accomplished singing of music which constantly changes in rhythm and tempo and his ability to fill out the character. He also produced the opera with a sure sense of comic timing and kept the action flowing with the help of Tim Reed's rotating scenery.

Crispino's wife, Annetta, was attractively played by Lucia Aliberti whose singing displayed power, brilliance and flexibility in *coloratura*. The two grotesque doctors, Mirabolano and Fabrizio, were soundly sung and acted with relish by Gianni Soccia and David Beavan, who were joined by Bruscanini in a comic trio which revealed their secure musicianship. *La comare*, a fairy of Gilbertian forcefulness, was sung by Ruth Maher, whose magical appearances were achieved by means of Wexford's newly acquired trap-door.

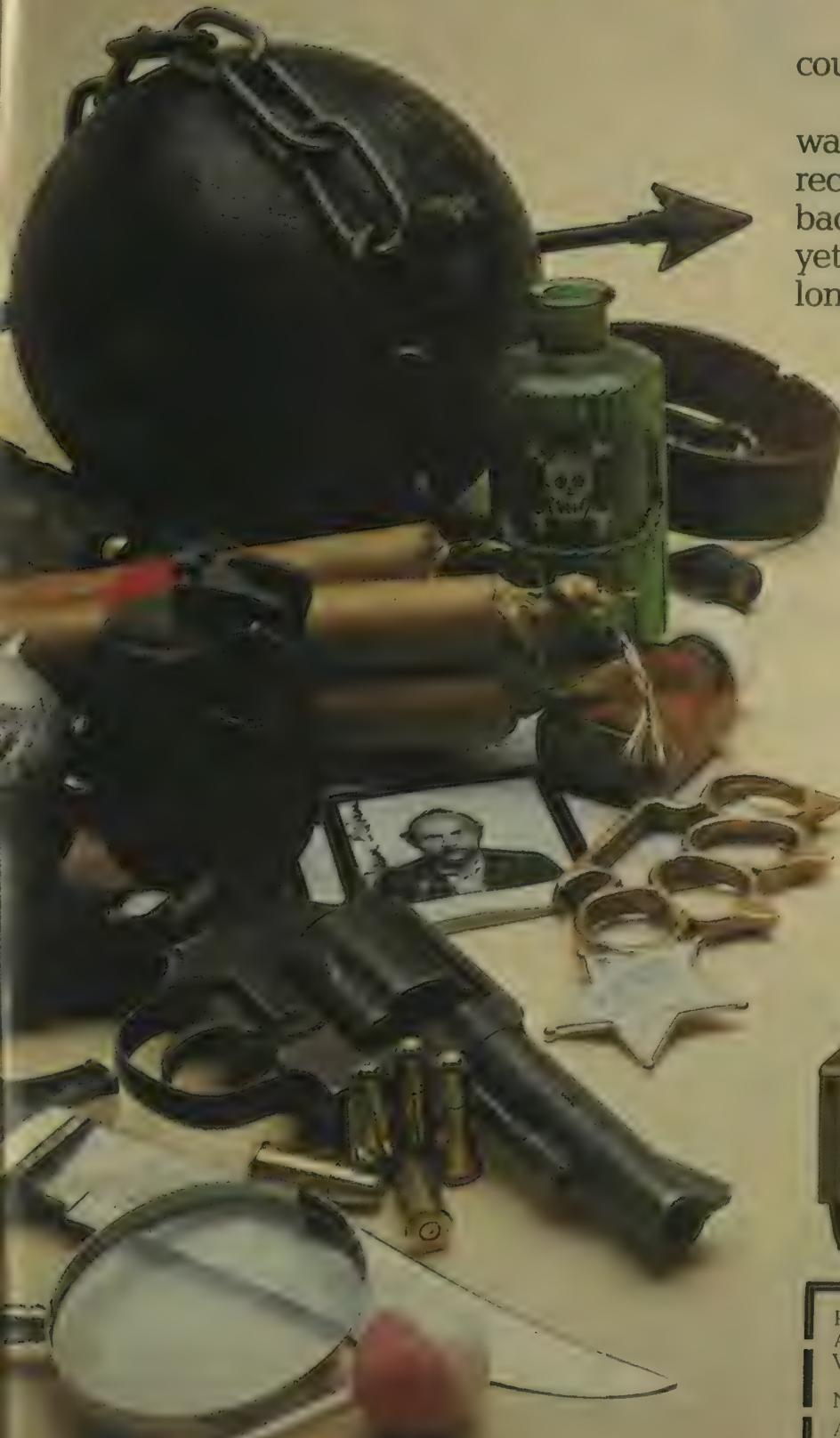
L'Amore dei tre re, which had its première under Serafin at La Scala and was widely performed for nearly half a century, combines a story of turbulent, destructive love—a kind of overheated send-up of *Pelléas et Mélisande*—with

atmospheric music that shows the dramatic influence of Wagner and Strauss but which has a melodic richness that allies it to Puccini. Set in tenth-century Italy, the story, by the dramatist Sem Benelli, concerns the love of Archibaldo, conquering king of Altura, now old and blind, for his son Manfredo; the love of Manfredo for his wife Fiora, victim of a political marriage; and the mutual love of Fiora and Avito, prince of Altura, to whom she was betrothed before her country's defeat. Montemezzi's fluent, swift-moving music graphically conveys the conflict of love, jealousy and revenge, leading to the climactic killing of Fiora by Archibaldo. To complete his revenge on her lover, Archibaldo smears poison on her lips, but Manfredo as well as Avito comes to kiss the corpse lying on its bier, and when the old man gropes his way into the crypt he discovers the body of his own son. It is all wonderfully melodramatic, but Montemezzi was able to meet the challenge and judging by its reception in Wexford the work still has appeal.

It needs to be approached without inhibitions and the conductor, Pinchas Steinberg, who wrung every last drop of passion from the music, had found the right solution, and he obtained full-blooded singing from the four principals. Alvaro Malta made a terrifying figure of Archibaldo and his singing was rich-toned and dramatic. Manfredo was sung by Lajos Miller in a vibrant, compelling baritone. The voluptuous Fiora was Magdalena Cononovici, who displayed a striking presence but little facial expression. Avito was strongly sung by Neil McKinnon. The pleasing castle sets were designed by Douglas Heap. The straightforward production was by Stewart Trotter.

Sadly, the revival of *La Vestale*, by Spontini, a work which marked the beginning of French grand opera and which influenced both Wagner and Berlioz, failed to convey much of the character or significance of the piece. Unimaginatively produced by Julian Hope, conducted by Matthias Bamert without apparent understanding of the stylistic requirements of the music and sung in largely unintelligible French, the performance was dull and pedestrian. One could only wonder at the misguided choice of executants. In the title role Mani Mekler sang with plenty of attack, some poor intonation and little articulation of consonants; Claire Livingstone, as the High Priestess, projected strongly but produced some ugly, unmusical sounds; and Ennio Buoso was a loud and insensitive Licinius. The chorus both sounded and looked ineffectual since Roger Butlin's sloping ramp hindered their movements and grouping. Sue Blane's Empire costumes were oddly assorted with the dazzling white walls and squeaky floor and the backdrop view of the Roman Forum.

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Probably most family men need to provide that type of protection for their dependants. This protection can be quite cheap, since a policy can pay a lump sum, or it can provide an income benefit, in the event of death before the age of, say, 55 or 60. Since a policy pays out only if death occurs before the chosen date, with no survival benefit, premiums can be kept low. For most people it is much too expensive to buy all the life cover needed in "permanent" form—such as a whole life policy—since, with this type of contract, the insurance company will have to pay out at some time.

When buying this form of protection for the period until your children will be self-supporting, the choice really lies between a capital sum, or a tax-free income payable (perhaps at quarterly intervals) from the date of death until the expiry date of the policy.

Not only the type of cover but also the amount of protection has to be decided. Clearly, the effect of future inflation should not be overlooked. Nor should you work on the basis that further cover can be bought in the future, for this could be expensive if your health should deteriorate—or indeed impossible to obtain. On the other hand, to arrange higher cover than is really necessary at the outset represents a "waste" of premium.

A good compromise can be a policy where both the benefits and the premium increase.

One of the first offices to introduce escalating term assurance was Cannon Assurance. Here, the sum assured increases automatically by 10 per cent a year, with a similar percentage increase in the premium. Within certain age limits, the policy can be renewed, irrespective of health, at the end of each ten-year period—for a sum which increases by 10 per cent each year.

Family income benefit policies also can have automatic increases. The Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society introduced a policy with a 5 per cent compound increase in benefits and premium each year, up to the 14th anniversary. If the escalation were to continue longer than that, the policy would become "non-qualifying" and would thus lose its tax advantages. At that point, therefore, there is the right to take a fresh policy, with benefits and premiums continuing to increase, irrespective of health at that time.

If a capital sum is insured it will be payable immediately. Presumably an income will be needed, and the capital can be invested, more or less keeping pace with inflation, it is hoped. From

time to time part of the capital can be realized to supplement the investment income. The beneficiary has the capital, and can decide how to use it.

If an income benefit is chosen it can be converted into capital by the beneficiary. Few insurance companies give guaranteed conversion rates, but they usually depend on the interest rates ruling at the time. Some life offices find that a high proportion of claims under income benefit policies are converted in this way, whereas others say that very seldom do they receive such a request.

One of the advantages of taking income, in the event of a claim, rather than converting it into capital, is that the income is entirely tax free.

The differences between the two types of policy are most marked if a claim should occur near the beginning or end of the policy term. Clearly, should the insured person die soon after the policy has been arranged, the total benefits will be higher if an income benefit policy is taken, compared with term assurance which pays a capital sum. But if a claim occurs right at the end of the period (perhaps a year before the insurance expires), only a relatively small amount of income will be paid, while the capital sum under the term assurance would be very much greater.

In many families, it can be argued that there is a greater need for protection in the event of early death, rather than death just before the end of the policy period—when presumably family commitments should be declining, and a number of assets may have been acquired.

On the other hand, if term assurance is taken, unless there is an escalating capital benefit inflation will erode the purchasing power of the capital, so it will be much less at the end of the term than it would have been at the outset.

Every family man must make his own decision about the kind of protection needed. There is nothing wrong in compromising—by insuring both for a capital sum and also for income benefits. The important point to remember is that this type of protection is to meet day-to-day expenses; it should be additional to any cover taken out to repay a house purchase loan, pay school fees, and so on.

Employers are gradually becoming more generous in the level of protection which they provide under life-assurance schemes, or in conjunction with a pension scheme. Obviously this protection should be taken into account when assessing your own arrangements. Nevertheless, too much reliance should not be placed on it. After all, in these changing times there is no guarantee that you will continue to work for the same employer; and a fresh employer might not provide the same type of protection. By then, if your health has deteriorated it might be difficult to top up your own arrangements.



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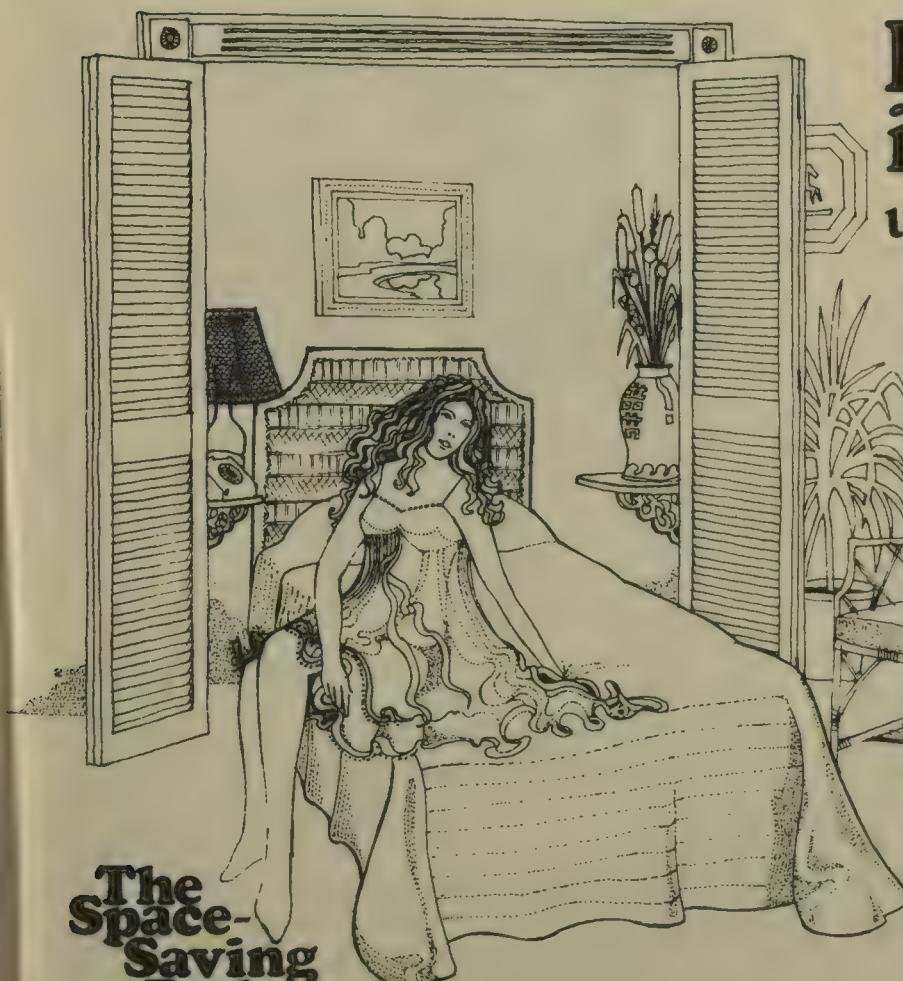
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For everyday drinking

Restocking the cellar, after a discouraging 1979, is an obvious need for most of us but few can nowadays afford the prices of many of the classical wines. Something for everyday drinking is required. Here are some suggestions.

The choice of inexpensive wines presents problems. Their name is legion, their quality extremely variable; moreover, since they do not conform to the orthodox, their choice is a subjective matter so that likely sources are probably more useful than individual recommendations. But my own white standby is Cloberg Riesling in big bottles. Since this has a touch of sweetness (not so much when well chilled) I have discovered a Listel from the Salins du Midi (widely obtainable) that fits the bill for dryness. My bargain red is a splendid 4 litre collapsible "cask" of a sound Australian wine called Botany Bay: Harrods and many other establishments have it and it is good for six months even when opened. I like it for casual occasions. For slightly more formal use, Pasquier-Desvignes's red and white Vin de Table (at slightly over £2) serves well.

The French, who are and have been the main offenders in price rises, have pulled out all the stops in improving their humbler wines, including the *vins de pays*, which were the subject of their

main advertising last year. A good supplier is Côte d'Or Wines, 88 Pitts-hanger Lane, London W5, who have a range of inexpensive bottles (and some fine wines, too). They are burgundy specialists and have a reputation to keep up: ask for their Moillard list and at least try the Monatier Vin Rouge 12°. Chaine Soleil (UK), 154 High Street, Southampton, have Côtes de Thau Blanc and Côtes de l'Hérault Rouge, both acceptable *vins de pays*. Indeed, the provinces have done remarkably well in finding good suppliers, notably The Merchant Vintners, the association of private firms such as Tanners of Shrewsbury (who have a very good claret at slightly over £2), Adnams of Southwold, Lay & Wheeler of Colchester and many others, most of whom stock the popular Chantovent range, Les Terroises. I do not much like the rosé, but the others are good—and powerful! Our own British Transport, stocked by the redoubtable palate and business acumen of Clive Coates, also provides good "house" and regional wines, and the Malmaison Club, which is not a club and is open to all, at BT Headquarters, St Pancras, is a list to rely on. K. F. Butler, of Beechurst, Lingfield, Surrey, stocks sound, dependable *vins de pays* and some slightly superior "winter reds" on

a recommended list. Hatch, Mansfield also have a remarkable choice.

Still in France, the shelves of Victoria Wine show interesting single-vine wines and they have some new "country" wines; Marks & Spencer (always good hunting here) now have a worthy rival in the licensed branches of British Home Stores; and I thoroughly recommend wines from Sainsbury's, who have a truly remarkable list: included in my tastings were a Coteaux de Tricastin, a good, full red, and a lusciously sweet (dessert or aperitif) Coteaux du Layon 1978, Domaine de la Soucherie. Peter Dominic have real value in a Cuvée de Minimes Blanc and Rouge, both from Piat.

But the merchants are going further afield. Spain, suddenly in our sights as a supplier of good wine, has more than Rioja to offer. Garveys (London) have brought in a Sonata range (the red needs a bit of keeping), a sound, pleasant wine. If you buy Navarra wine from Wines of Spain, 10 Victoria Street, Liverpool (especially the formidable Castillo de Tiebas NV—full indeed!) you will want to try their more pricey ones, too. Ask for their engagingly descriptive list. Sainsbury's have a fresh, fruity Vino Del Penedes and a red and white plain Spanish; and John Harvey have a simply named Dry

White and Red and rather a pleasant Rosé. Portugal is represented by *vinho verde*; Avelada, the delicious verde from Hedges & Butler is just about the most popular, and deservedly too.

From Italy there now comes a flood of good, inexpensive wine. It is difficult to beat Freddie Whitting's list, so voluminous at all prices that one cannot cover it except perhaps to mention that his Chianti Poggio Romana really should be tried, both for quality and price. Stonehaven Wines, Grayshott Road, Headley Down, Hants, Marks & Spencer, British Home Stores, Sainsbury (with a wonderful chianti from Ricasoli), Victoria Wine again—all have Italian bargains; look particularly for Merlots among them, and search Peter Dominic for special lines.

"Liebfraumilch", similar at least in style to its name, is popular. Black Tower from Kendermann deserves to be better known here, and Hedges & Butler now have a decent Hirondelle Liebfraumilch; both are suitable "quaffing" wines. For sheer digestibility, look for Austrian wine. Threshers, Arthur Cooper, Oddbins and Roberts of Worthing, among others, have a charming Klosterdawn.

All the wines mentioned should be obtainable at under £2 a bottle unless otherwise stated. ●



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Simply delicious

When I go out to eat at a restaurant there are two main things that I look for and they are, if not contradictory, at least seldom combined, which is one reason that a single system of marking merit, such as Michelin's stars, is so unsatisfactory.

The most obvious quality to search for in England, with its lack of a traditional classic cuisine, is inventiveness, the gastronomic equivalent of the landscape designer's principle of anticipation and surprise. You round the corner and are astonished and delighted by what you see. The prawn cocktail is perfectly ordinary to the gaze, but what is that delectable element in the sauce that makes it different?

But as much to be treasured and almost as rare is the perfectly cooked piece of plain food. Nimrod, the great foxhunting writer of the last century, valued Crick, a covert in the Quorn country, because its name reminded him of the sensation of biting into the crisp fat of a faultless saddle of mutton.

Rare indeed is the restaurant where you can find both kinds of cooking but in Richmond, Surrey, I believe that I have discovered one. Going through the *Good Food Guide* the other day, I came across the entry for Lichfield's which mentioned that the owner had previously had the MeadowSweet at

Llanrwst, in North Wales, a restaurant I visited several years ago. It shone like a good deed in a naughty world, an oasis in a gastronomic desert.

Only one dish do I now remember, alas. It was a first course consisting of hot black pudding with a plum jam sauce reminiscent of that which is served with Peking duck. It was simple and delicious.

A journey to Lichfield's quickly convinced me that my memory was not at fault. Together with Roger Davis, late of the Tate, Stephen Bull has established a restaurant which combines the subtle with the classically simple. Delicious fish soup with saffron, magnificent St Emilion au Chocolat and as main course roast duck, not covered with sticky sauce, not reheated, not flabby but of a crispness and succulence to challenge and beat Nimrod's mutton. Anyone can do it: the only secret is to prick the skin and rub well with salt. But how few do.

Scarcely more complicated is this way of cooking British gammon:

Gammon in a blanket

3 lb middle gammon
1½ lb puff pastry
beaten egg

For the stuffing

½ lb chestnuts
½ pint milk

½ onion peeled and roughly chopped

2 oz bacon without the rind

2 oz white breadcrumbs

2 sprigs parsley, destalked

1 oz butter

1 egg

salt and pepper

Cut a cross on the top of each chestnut. Blanch for five minutes in boiling water. Drain, cool, shell and skin. Simmer for 30 minutes in milk. Chop the onion finely and cook over low heat until soft and transparent, add bacon chopped fine and cook for five minutes more. Chop the parsley fine, add the chestnuts and lastly the onions, bacon and breadcrumbs.

Simmer the bacon in a pan with enough water to cover for an hour and a half. Allow to cool. Roll out the puff pastry and cut out one long, wide strip sufficient to wrap around the bacon, leaving enough for the ends. Place the joint in the middle of the pastry, cover the top and the sides with the stuffing. Wrap the pastry over and add the remaining pastry to cover the ends, pinching the edges together with beaten egg. Glaze with beaten egg and bake at 200°C (gas mark 6) for 45 minutes.

Serve, for additional glamour, with a Cumberland sauce. Here is a very liquid and spicy version. Try to use home-made red-currant jelly as the

factory-made stuff often produces little globules of gelatine when heated.

Cumberland Sauce

½ pint port

3 tablespoons red-currant jelly

Juice and rind of an orange

1 teaspoon lemon juice

1 teaspoon made mustard

Very thinly pare the rind of the orange, discarding all pith. Cut into very fine slivers. Heat all the ingredients until the jelly is melted. Tastes vary about whether to serve this sauce hot or cold, and most people compromise by serving it lukewarm. I prefer it cold. Serve with mashed potatoes and sprouts and finish with a good English cheese.

A couple of years ago when I was writing an article about famous men and their cooking Lady Menuhin told me that the best cheese she knew was a cheddar from Chewton. A little while ago I was visiting the judging of the Jacobs Cream Cracker Award for the best farmhouse cheese and came across the people who make it. In London you can get it from Fratelli Camisa, in Berwick Street, Soho, or you can buy it by mail order from Chewton Cheese Dairy, Priory Farm, Bath, Somerset.

Lichfield's, Lichfield Terrace, Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey (tel: 01-940 5236).

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Squeezing for a slam

West on the first of these two slam hands did not feel very happy at having to find a lead, against a Six Spade contract, from a hand where each of the four suits was headed by just a Queen. He became even less happy when the lead he did select seemed to have made a major contribution towards declarer's success. However, he need not have been so self-critical, for no lead necessarily defeats the contract.

♠ A 3 Dealer North
 ♥ K 9 4 3 North-South
 ♦ A 6 2 Game
 ♣ A 9 7 5

♠ Q 6 ♠ 7 4
 ♥ Q 10 8 6 ♥ J 5 2
 ♦ Q 4 ♦ K 10 8 7 3
 ♣ Q 8 4 3 2 ♣ K 10 6
 ♠ K J 10 9 8 5 2
 ♥ A 7
 ♦ J 9 5
 ♣ J

North-South had bid unopposed:

North 1NT 4NT 5♥ No

South 4♣ 5♣ 6♦

One No-trump was in the 15-17 point range and Four and Five Clubs were announced as the Gerber convention, whereby Aces and Kings are enumerated on the step principle, Four No-trumps showing three Aces and Five Hearts one King. After some pondering West produced the Six of Hearts as his opening lead.

Dummy played small to the heart lead, East put up the Jack and South the Ace. The lead had not done either side any particular good, but declarer still had only 11 tricks in view even if he lost no trump trick: South's bidding, though enterprising, has an advantage over Blackwood, in that after inquiry about Kings no commitment need be made beyond the five level. No doubt Five Spades is all that South should have bid and North, who has shown every high card in his hand and holds no more than two trumps, should now subside. However, South justified himself by applying his knowledge of squeeze play to good effect.

At trick two he led a club to the Ace, ruffed a club, led a spade to the Ace and ruffed another club. Noting the fall of East's clubs, he had cause to hope that the hearts and clubs were now controlled by West alone. Two more rounds of trumps left:

♠ —
 ♥ K 9 4
 ♦ A 6
 ♣ 9
 ♠ —
 ♥ Q 10 8 ♥ 5 2
 ♦ Q 4 ♦ K 10 8 7
 ♣ Q ♠ 10 9
 ♥ 7
 ♦ J 9 5
 ♣ —

When South played his second last trump, West had to keep his club and could not let go a heart if dummy's last

heart were not to be ruffed good. So West released a diamond while dummy pitched a heart. Now a diamond to dummy's Ace and a diamond back conceded a trick to East's King, but left Diamond Jack as South's 12th trick with his last trump as an entry card.

It took West some minutes to become convinced that his lead had not given away the slam, but even if he finds the more harmless lead of a club or trump declarer can still bring about much the same position. After ruffing two rounds of clubs as before, he can ruff a third round of hearts to leave the defence's guards in hearts and clubs isolated in the West hand.

On the second hand West seemed to have a safe lead in the Heart Queen and other cards that offered hope of defeating South's small slam. But a pretty piece of squeeze play foiled him.

♠ K Q J 10 9 4 Dealer
 ♥ A 6 West
 ♦ 5 3 North-South
 ♣ J 8 2 Game
 ♠ A ♠ 8 7 6 3 2
 ♥ Q J 10 9 3 ♥ 7 5 4
 ♦ J 10 9 6 ♦ 8 2
 ♣ K 10 9 ♣ 7 5 3
 ♠ 5
 ♥ K 8 2
 ♦ A K Q 7 4
 ♣ A Q 6 4

After an opening One Heart from West and an overcall of One Spade from North, South eventually settled for Six No-trumps in order, as he thought, to protect his Heart King from the opening lead. In fact Six Spades is a better contract and fails only on a club lead, which East has no special reason to find. However, this is what happened in Six No-trumps.

South won the heart lead, and knocked out the Ace of Spades. Dummy's Ace won a second heart and declarer began reeling off the spades. The outlook did not seem very bright for him if either defender held four diamonds. If East held them, it was most unlikely he could be squeezed, since West on the bidding must hold all the missing high cards. If West held them, he seemed well placed to counter a squeeze, since he discarded after South. Anyway, this position developed:

♠ 9
 ♥ —
 ♦ 5 3
 ♣ J 8 2
 ♠ —
 ♥ J
 ♦ J 10 9 6
 ♣ K ♠ 8
 ♥ 8
 ♦ A K Q 7
 ♣ A

Declarer led the last spade from dummy and made the spectacular discard of his own Ace of Clubs. One can but shed a tear for West.



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GARDENING NANCY - MARY GOODALL

A touch of the south

There was a time in England when a gardener's claim to distinction seems almost to have rested on his ability to grow oranges. John Evelyn wrote that no other flower or plant excelled them, and this is understandable when you think that the fruit, then so exotic and desirable, takes almost a year to mature and so is borne at the same time as the scented, waxy, white flowers among polished, evergreen leaves of unusual shape with little wings on the stalks.

Marvell wrote: "Orange bright, Like golden lamps in a green night"; and during William of Orange's reign oranges were not only valued as beautiful fruiting plants but, in graceful compliment to the monarch's origins and their popularity in Hanoverian gardens, it was positively patriotic to grow them.

Orange trees will not stand cold and are traditionally grown in large pots or tubs, particularly the elegant, square tubs known as Versailles caissons, so that they can be kept under cover in winter and put out in summer. They are otherwise remarkably tough and, in early days, proved it by surviving the fumes of coal stoves and lack of light in cellars or crudely insulated buildings. Soon came the better lit architectural delights known as orangeries which were erected in important gardens in the country and which were often used as summer garden rooms when the "greens" lined the walks outside.

When oranges and lemons became easily available as imported fruit and as more exciting plants arrived from foreign parts, the orange trees were pushed out and ceased to be grown in Britain on any scale, only a few remaining as curiosities and to provide orange blossom for bridal bouquets. Orangeries, with their large areas of masonry and frequent lack of top light, had never been very efficient—it is notoriously difficult to grow plants in the one at Kew—and were superseded by fully-glazed greenhouses and conservatories. Oranges and lemons, I believe, deserve a renaissance. People visiting big greenhouses are always much attracted to them and now that glazed and double-glazed garden rooms and conservatories and pretty greenhouses are so popular what better to grow in them than the golden fruit—even in a time of energy crisis?

Citrus are no more difficult to grow than most other house plants. They need a minimum winter temperature of 45°F, less if the atmosphere can be kept rather dry and draught-free but more if the fruit is to ripen well. For comparison a rubber plant, *Ficus elastica*, needs 61°F. As evergreens, citrus should never be allowed to dry out. This is important in summer but they can perhaps be watered at the same time as the tomatoes. Do not overdo it, for they will die of lack of

oxygen if continually waterlogged. They need good, well-drained soil containing some bone meal, top dressings with fertilizer in spring and some spraying with water in summer. Light is essential, as many an orange pip sprouting on a window-ledge testifies. A good little orange to start with is the tangerine-type clementine which stands lower temperatures than most oranges.

Lemons in decorative terracotta pots recall the beautiful Tuscan gardens of northern Italy which are so near to paradise on earth. There the lemons are overwintered in a *limonaia*, the Tuscan equivalent to the orangery, and are an important part of the garden design in summer. Grown under glass the lemon's fragrant blooms open almost continually; the fruit sets freely and can be helped to mature in about nine months by giving liquid feeds. How useful when a recipe suddenly calls for a lemon to be able to pick one from your own little tree.

Both clementines and lemons can be obtained from Simon Hopkinson at his herb nursery in an old, walled kitchen-garden, Hollington Nurseries, Woolton Hill, Newbury, Berkshire. He is also offering bay trees, plumbagos and three varieties of olives. There can be no plant that produces so keen a nostalgia to the sun-starved northerner as the olive, and what could be a more suitable gift for someone to whom an olive branch might be appropriate?

Olives are harder than citrus and, while they make beautiful greenhouse plants, can be grown out of doors in favoured parts of Britain. The olive tree in the Chelsea Physic Garden sometimes produces fruit after a hot summer, no doubt due to London's warm microclimate, comparable with the south-west of England where, in shelter, olives should do well.

I have planted one of the Hollington olives, "Salonenque", the olive of Salon de Provence, in a protected position on the new terrace at the end of my garden. The wide flight of shallow steps looks most suitable for the growing of Mediterranean plants. "Salonenque", with its bluish leaf and gnarled shape, was selected as one of the hardiest olives grown in France.

The two others recommended, also from France, are "Cipressino" which makes a larger, columnar tree, and "Cayon", also known as the "Plant de Montfort", from the Lorgues and Cotignac districts, noteworthy for its resistance to drought. All are said to fruit well but it would be enough for me just to possess an olive tree and to dream of when I can see them growing on the hillsides again.

To enhance the Mediterranean atmosphere you could underplant with small irises, scarlet *Anemone fulgens*, and scented jonquils with low-growing silver plants such as dwarf achilleas and perhaps a prostrate rosemary.



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